

MYSTERY OF A WOUNDED WOMAN IN A TRAIN

The Daily Mirror

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

CLERGYMAN'S RESCUE WORK.

DEATH BEFORE ARREST



The wreckage-strewn beach on the morning after the wreck.

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The Rev. H. M. Piercy, who helped the few survivors ashore.



The coastguard's house at Worth Matravers, where twenty bodies lie awaiting burial.

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The wrecked steamer Treveal, broken in two, lying on the rocks in Dead Men's Pool.

Only seven members of the crew of forty-three of the steamship Treveal, a brand-new boat, which was dashed to pieces on the Kemmeridge Rocks, near St. Albans Head, have survived. The Rev. H. M. Piercy, who showed the greatest pluck, was up to his neck for an hour in water and shingle, carrying some of the men ashore.



Mr. R. Harris, a Bromley (Kent) rate collector and ex-officer, who had been missing, was found at Felixstowe. A warrant had been issued and, when a constable called on him, he went into another room to get his coat. Later he was found fatally wounded, with a revolver by his side.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS' PRESIDENT?



Viscount Grey, who, it was noticed, was no longer wearing his dark glasses, after alighting from the train at Waterloo yesterday on his return from the States. His name has been mentioned in connection with the Presidency of the League of Nations.

MYSTERY OF INJURED NURSE IN TRAIN.

Found with Head Wounds Alone in a Carriage.

HASTINGS EXPRESS DRAMA

Money Missing—Search for Young Man Passenger.

A dramatic discovery was made in the London-Hastings train on Monday evening. On the train reaching Bexhill a woman was found alone in a carriage suffering from a deep scalp wound and with her clothing saturated with blood.

She was at once taken to the East Sussex Hospital at Hastings, where she lies in a precarious condition.

The lady has since been identified as Miss Florence Nightingale Shore, about fifty years of age, and demobilised in November from Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Home Reserve, with which she had served for five years in France.

She carried a handbag, suit-case and dressing-case.

A young man is said to have followed her into the compartment at Victoria.

When found at Bexhill Miss Shore was still conscious, but, after making a short statement to the police at the East Sussex Hospital she became insensible. Inquiries yesterday showed that she was in a dangerous condition, and was unlikely to live.

The window of the carriage was closed, and it is considered impossible that the woman sustained her terrible injuries through leaning out of the window.

The following description of the young man who entered the carriage at Victoria is circulated by the police. Twenty-eight years of age, about 5ft. 7in.; light brown suit; no luggage, no overcoat.

The injured woman, *The Daily Mirror* understands, is believed to be the aunt of a baroness.

NO SIGN OF STRUGGLE.

Dressing-Cases Untouched but Money and Ticket Missing.

It appears she left London on Monday. She had been staying at Canford House Nursing Home, Hammersmith, and intended to visit The train ran without stopping to Lewes, where no one noticed anything wrong, but at Bexhill the lady was found bleeding, but retained consciousness for a few moments.

There were no signs of a struggle.

It now transpires that both her railway ticket and money are missing. Her glasses were on the floor, and there was a gash in her fur hat.

So far the police have failed to trace the man who entered the same carriage at Victoria.

DEARER COAL TO-MORROW

To Cost 2s. a Ton More in London—Higher Rail Rates to Blame.

From to-morrow London households will be charged a penny more per cwt. or two shillings more per ton for their coal.

In other parts of the country there will be a corresponding rise from sixpence to two shillings a ton.

The extra cost, the Coal Controller states, is owing to the increased railway rates.

'HORRIBLE WELSH TOWN.'

Counsel's Questions About Stranded Chorus Girls—Hotel Collection.

Allegations of chorus girls being stranded in the provinces were made at Bow-street yesterday. When Mr. C. C. B. Green appealed against the refusal of the London County Council to grant him a licence for a theatrical employment agency.

Replying to Sir Archibald Bodkin, Mr. Green said the address he gave in Manchester-street, W., was a boarding-house, but he was away in the country most of the year.

He gave details of the production of a revue entitled "A Sure Thing," first at Deal and afterwards at Tonypandy where the revue was stopped after the first night by the proprietor. There were about eleven chorus girls. He did not think they were in distress.

Sir Archibald: If they were stranded in a horrible Welsh town without money, would not that be distress?—I do not know that they were stranded. He agreed that a collection was made at the hotel on behalf of the girls.

The case was adjourned.

EARL'S ESTATE SOLD?

From Our Own Correspondent.

WORCESTER, Tuesday. No confirmation of the reported sale of Witley Court, the residence of the Earl and Countess of Dudley, is obtainable at the Witley estate office, but in Worcester there are rumours that the property has been sold to a member of the Cocks family, of Scotland, while in some quarters the name of Mr. Lowther, an American millionaire, is given as purchaser.

KUT HERO RESIGNS.

General Sir Charles Townshend Sends Letter to War Office.

MAY BECOME AN M.P.

General Sir Charles Townshend, the defender of Kut, has tendered his resignation to the War Office.

A letter containing this intimation was sent to the War Office on Saturday.

Captain Guest, replying to a question in the House of Commons, said that General Townshend, said he understood there was "no suitable appointment available." General Townshend, he added, was still on the active list on half pay.

Apart from his five-months' defence of Kut, he is said to have played a personal part in inducing Turkey to sue for peace.

At a dinner in his honour last year General Townshend said he had volunteered to go to Russia or Germany, but the War Office could not find him employment.

"I'm still young," he added, "and if I don't get a job I shall go into Parliament."

It was for his successes before the surrender of Kut that he was awarded the K.C.B.

OLD CENOTAPH TO GO.

Temporary Structure To Be Replaced by Stone—No Flowers After Sunday.

The temporary Cenotaph in Whitehall is about to be taken down to make way for the permanent memorial which, it has now been decided by the Government, is to be erected on the same site.

It is proposed to start putting up hoardings next Monday.

The public should note that after Sunday they will be unable to place flowers on the Cenotaph.

CLERIC'S SON DIVORCED.

Wife's Story of Husband's Drinking and Late Nights in Yokohama.

The undefended suit of Mrs. Charlotte Ann Bruhl, asking for the dissolution of her marriage because of the cruelty and misconduct of her husband, Henry George Percy Bruhl, was heard in the Divorce Court yesterday. It was stated that the respondent was the son of an English clergyman, and now a captain in the Army.

Petitioner said she was married in Yokohama in 1907. Very soon trouble arose through respondent drinking and stopping out late at night. About a year later she found herself suffering in health, and later came home.

Ultimately respondent wrote confessing his misconduct at a hotel in Cornwall. A decree nisi was granted.

GIRL CLERKS' TRIP.

Miss Evans and Miss Macquire to Fly to Paris to See Premier—Outfit Problem.

The two girl clerks who will fly on Friday to Paris in pursuit of Mr. Lloyd George have now been selected. They are Miss Dorothy Evans and Miss Macquire, both of the Women Clerks and Secretaries' Association.

"We shall leave Hounslow at 11 a.m.," Miss Macquire told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "and our pilot will be Lieutenant Godwin Castleman, who has already piloted Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law across the Channel."

"We hope to reach Paris at 2 p.m., when we shall go straight to Claridge's Hotel. If Mr. Lloyd George receives us on our arrival we shall return either late on Friday or on Saturday morning."

"We shall be warmly clad, and are trying to borrow flying outfits. If we are unsuccessful I suppose we shall have to buy them."

REAL CINEMA DRAMA.

A Clapton Picture Theatre Raided—Safe, and £200 Stolen.

The safe which was stolen from the Rink Cinema, Lower Clapton, contained about £200. It was found yesterday in a yard off Old-street, and had been broken open and stripped. The cinema was broken into on Monday.

The thieves apparently left the building by the back way, where a large vehicle must have been standing in readiness.

The manager states that a grey four-seater car was seen at the back of the cinema in the morning.

GALE-SCARED BURGLARS.

Workmen who arrived at a furnished house at Hampstead early on Monday morning to carry out repairs found that the scullery window had been forced open, and that a number of articles of jewellery were packed up ready for removal. Investigations revealed that a wall running by the side of the house had been blown down, and it is supposed that the wind caused the intruders and caused them to leave hurriedly without their plunder.

30 GALLONS OF MILK FOR "BABY."

Islington Food Committee has been asked for a permit to provide thirty gallons of milk daily for the baby elephant at the World's Fair.

"GOOD IN SPOTS."

Mr. Justice Darling and Revue That Had No Name.

MISS LEE WHITE SUED.

Miss Lee White and her husband, Mr. Clay Smith, the well-known revue artists, successfully defended an action brought in the King's Bench Division yesterday by Mr. Wilfrid Kidd Steel, an officer in the Irish Guards.

Mr. Steel sought to recover £130 paid by him towards the production by the defendants of a revue he had written for their consideration.

Mr. Justice Darling, in awarding judgment for defendants with costs, said there was no evidence of a concluded agreement between the parties.

In acknowledging receipt of the MS. Mr. Clay Smith wrote:—"I like it immensely in spots. Eventually, said counsel, an arrangement was made that Mr. Pemberton should obtain the Ambassadors Theatre from a syndicate called the Busy Syndicate for the production of Mr. Steel's revue."

In the end the revue was never produced.

"You wrote the revue at Aldershot?" asked counsel of Mr. Steel.—Yes.

The Judge: I had the impression that reviews soldiers were at Aldershot. (Laughter.)

Miss Lee White said her view of the piece was the same as her husband's—that it could not be produced. She did not see any "spots" in the revue.

CONSTABLES TO BE TRIED.

Policeman Tells of Silverware, Cigars and Bottles Found on Allotment.

Brought up at Croydon yesterday in connection with charges of housebreaking in the Norwood district, Frank Bodimeade, aged forty, and Charles Spencer, aged thirty-seven, late constables of the Division, Metropolitan Police, stationed at Gipsy Hill, were committed for trial at the Surrey Assizes. Bail was refused. Mr. Barker, for the police, said that the case concerned two trusted officers, especially Bodimeade, who had had eighteen years' service. Police-constable Turner stated he found silver articles, cigars and bottles of liquor on Spencer's allotment, hidden between a stack of turf and a fence and covered with sacks. (Photograph on page 9.)

NEW MARRIAGE MODE.

Judge on Frock That "Would Cover Some Portion of a Lady."

A georgette wedding dress which would "cover some portion of the lady" according to the Judge, formed the subject of a claim in the Shoreditch County Court yesterday.

The plaintiff was Mr. Rubin Solokoff, of 55, Amhurst-road, Stoke Newington, dress manufacturer, and he sued Barnett Rainoff, of 57, High-street, Kingsland, to recover £9, the price of a dress.

The plaintiff, who laid the shimmering sky-blue costume in the desk, said he had the order for the wedding dress, the size being supplied to him.

Mr. Robinson (who appeared for plaintiff): Is that all there is of it?

Witness: The lot.

The defence was that the plaintiff took the measurements himself.

Judge Cluer decided in favour of the plaintiff, and, turning to him, said: "You will have to leave this beautiful frock, which covers some portion of the lady, behind you."

£3,000,000 GLASS DEAL.

Fusion of Firms to Lower Prices and Give Work to Thousands.

The British Glass Industries, Limited, have acquired 76 per cent. of the ordinary share capital in United Glass Bottle Manufacturers, Limited, and have made an offer to the shareholders in that company to purchase the balance of the ordinary share capital.

This purchase is entirely independent of a transaction concluded with United Glass Bottle Manufacturers, Limited, and the two operations, together with development and extensions of existing works, will involve a sum of approximately £3,000,000.

Mr. Francis Towle, a director of the Commercial Bank of London and British Glass Industries, Limited, said that the fusion would lower prices by reducing the management and overhead charges. "It is going to give employment," he declared, "to thousands of British citizens."

EARLY END TO FOOD MINISTRY?

Rumours of the early demobilisation of the Food Ministry are gaining ground. *The Daily Mirror* understands that in view of the uncertain length of the life of the Ministry, a formal notice has been sent round to the staff with regard to the anticipation of annual leave.

DECREE NISI AGAINST ACTRESS.

Mr. William Coats-Bush, a retired actor, was granted yesterday a decree nisi from his wife, who was stated to be known on the stage as Miss "Fleider," and to have appeared in "The Bing Boys" at the Alhambra.

PASSENGERS SWEEP TO DEATH IN GALE.

Others Badly Hurt on Channel Mail Boat.

WIFE'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL

Over 400 Believed Lost in Disaster to Liner Afrique.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DOVER, Tuesday.

A tragic accident, by which three passengers on the Dover-Ostend mail steamer Pieter de Coninck were swept overboard and drowned and eight injured in Sunday's violent gale, is the only known fatality of the kind in the history of this service.

The circumstances of two of the deaths are particularly wild, only being a father who was taking his children across to Belgium to school and the other a man whose wife had the terrible experience of seeing her husband swept into the raging sea. The third drowned passenger was a woman. All were first class passengers.

INTO SWIRLING WATERS.

The Pieter de Coninck was struck by one huge sea on the weather side, and as she rolled the wave swept across her deck to the lee side, where a number of passengers were seated in deck chairs.

These people were helplessly swept along by the swirling mass of water, three being carried over the bulwarks and into the sea. Others were dashed against various parts of the ship and sustained broken bones and other injuries.

In the terrible weather it was impossible to stop the ship. Until she was nearly two miles from the scene of the accident no steps could be taken to try and save the people so tragically swept overboard before the eyes of their fellow-passengers.

AFRIQUE DEATH ROLL.

Feared Loss of Over 400, but Search for Boats Continues.

The loss of life in the sinking of the French liner Afrique near La Rochelle is very heavy, but the exact number cannot yet be definitely stated. Should the number, however, be limited to the fifty reported saved, over 400 lives will have been lost.

The first list of survivors includes nine members of the crew and twelve Senegalese riflemen, one of whom has since died.

Two Killed by Draught.—That the draught from the window during the gale had blown out the gas was the theory advanced at a Maylebone inquest yesterday over two men named William Dunley and George Sandford, who were found dead in bed with the room full of gas.

A Miraculous Escape.—A woman named Costello, her son, and two neighbours were sitting by the fire during Sunday night's storm when a flash of lightning killed a dog sitting by them. None of the people were injured.

5s. NOTES SOON?

High Price of Silver Likely to Involve Treasury in Loss.

Is the issue of 5s. Treasury notes an immediate possibility? The question was widely canvassed in financial circles yesterday, as a result of the new jump in the price of silver to 89d. per oz.

This latest rise means that a shilling contains silver to the value of 1s. 3d., and the silver in half a crown is worth 3s. 1d.

"There is a great danger," said one leading bullion expert to *The Daily Mirror*, "that if the Treasury is forced to resort to the issue of 5s. notes it will be followed by the hoarding of silver. That fact alone will make the Treasury hesitate to the last moment."

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Moderate or fresh W. winds; some showers, mild, unsettled.

A serious shortage of gas threatens in Derbyshire, owing to the lack of coal.

Shop assistants in multiple grocery shops are negotiating a strike on Monday.

The World's Largest Cruiser.—H.M.S. Hood has reached Rosyth for speed trials.

The Prince of Wales will attend the Army v. R.A.F. football match at Queen's Club on Saturday.

Leeds Bank Shooting.—Albert Edward Redfern, who is charged in the Leeds bank shooting case, has been remanded till Monday.

Drowned in Hot Water.—While wheeling a perambulator, Pearl Payne, aged five, of Cardiff, fell into hot water and was drowned.

Twenty-five minutes' delay was caused last night on the Underground railway through a breakdown at Victoria shortly after 7 o'clock.

Prince Henry, acting for the King yesterday at Manchester, decorated 160 Lancashire and Cheshire soldiers. Later he left for Birmingham.

Washhouse queues are to be prevented by the Battersea Council by the issue of tickets in advance. St. Pancras proposes to ration the wash-tubs.

DRAMA OF FOOTPRINTS IN SANDHILLS TRAGEDY

Passionate Letters Between Ex-Officer and Dead Woman Read at Inquest.

"I LOVE YOU AND KNOW YOU LOVE ME."

Further dramatic disclosures marked the resumed inquest on Mrs. Kathleen Elsie Breaks, who was found dead on the sandhills at St. Anne's-on-Sea on Christmas Eve.

Frederick Rothwell Holt, an ex-officer, is accused of causing the death of Mrs. Breaks. A witness stated that the number of a revolver produced had been filed off. Four chambers out of six had been recently fired.

Passionate love letters between Holt and the dead woman were read. In one letter Mrs. Breaks wrote: "To know you love me is divine."

REVOLVER WITH NUMBER FILED AWAY.

Husband's Parting with Dead Woman on "Friendly Terms."

HOLT AGAIN IN COURT.

The ex-officer, Frederick Rothwell Holt, of Fairhaven, Lytham, who is charged with causing the death of Mrs. Breaks, the beautiful Bradford woman, on a sandhill at St. Anne's, was again present at the inquest on her at Lytham yesterday.

Alec Courtney, partner in Messrs. Burrows, gunsmiths, of Preston, said he examined the revolver produced in court, which was of the 445 Webley "R.L.C." solid frame pattern. Its number had been filed away, and four chambers had recently been fired.

The husband of Mrs. Breaks, John Stoddart Breaks, of Bridlington, said the last time he saw his wife alive was in October, 1919. They parted on friendly terms.

Evidence was then given of the finding of gloves on the sandhills, Mrs. Breaks's right-hand glove, blood-stained, and the other a left-hand glove, while a saleswoman at St. Anne's said that on November 28 Holt bought a pair of gloves like those produced.

FOOTPRINTS IN SANDS.

Detective Brown, of St. Anne's, said on the morning of finding the body he found footprints of a man and woman walking abreast, leading to the spot where the body was found. In Holt's room he found a pair of shoes which were wet, with sea sand adhering to them.

He had also received a pair of the dead woman's boots. He found they made similar impressions to those he found on the sandhills.

The detective told how he traced similar footprints of a man, first going north from the body towards Blackpool, then easterly, and afterwards southerly towards St. Anne's. They led near to the place where the revolver was found.

A Bradford woman described how, three months ago, she found Mrs. Holt stayed with her. Just before Christmas Holt came again.

Mr. James W. Perkins, member of a Bradford firm of solicitors, said Mrs. Breaks had given him instructions about the preparation of a will.

On December 24 the document he had prepared came to the office through the post. It purported to be a will executed by Mrs. Breaks on December 23.

Her wedding ring she left to Frederick Rothwell Holt, and she also gave him for his own use and benefit the proceeds of her life insurance policy.

"DARLING KATHLEEN."

Detective's Story of Letters—"Day When We Shall Never Part."

An employee at the Palatine Hotel, Blackpool, said that the dead woman had dinner at the hotel on December 23.

A train conductor named Collett said that he was in charge of a train which left Lytham-square for Blackpool at about 7.20 p.m. on December 23. He stopped at Late-road, Ansdell, at between 7.25 and 7.30 and Holt got on the car.

Detective Sherlock said that he saw Holt and told him the police had reason to believe that certain letters had been written by him. Holt said:—

"I left Bradford along with Mrs. Breaks by the 4.5 p.m. on December 31. I arrived at Fairhaven about 7.15. I left the train at the station alone and Mrs. Breaks continued the journey, saying she had a ticket to Blackpool."

On leaving the station I went into the Fairhaven Hotel and stayed there about twenty minutes or half an hour. Then I went home and remained about half an hour. Holt stayed with me, and we went for a walk around the lake and on the front. I got in the house about 10.15. I did not see Mrs. Breaks again."

The detective then showed Holt both the letters which he said he wrote to Mrs. Breaks. One letter was addressed to "My dear, darling Kathleen," and in another Holt said: "You love me and I love you. You are the one and only to me and in another. He spoke of longing

for a "good Christmas" with her, adding, "I am sure there will be a day when we shall never part."

The letter added:—"I thought I told you the amount of the insurance—£5,000 or £10,000. We might go in for a lot while we are at it. I am hoping that they will insure us for the same amount."

The letter was signed "Yours ever, Eric." Holt, continuing his statement, said that at a scratch on his wrist and four on his left cheek were noticed by him when they stayed at Bradford on December 22.

DEAD WOMAN'S LETTER.

In reply to the charge of causing the death of Mrs. Breaks, Holt said: "What am I to say? I have already given you a statement. How long will the job be on?"

A letter to Holt from the dead woman was read. It started: "My darling Eric.—After reading your cheerful letter I feel I could just kiss you, but am reserving my stock until I see you. I love you, and to know you love me is divine. Some day, you are quite right, we will stay together, for always, never to leave each other again."

Detective Sherlock said that on Monday he charged Holt with the murder of Mrs. Breaks by shooting her with a revolver, and he replied, "Not guilty." The inquest was adjourned until to-day.

LORD GREY DROPS GLASSES.

Eyesight Much Improved on Return from American Visit.

The Daily Mirror has high authority for stating that although Viscount Grey's eyesight has not been fully restored it has improved.

When Lord Grey left London for America he wore big black-rimmed glasses. It was noticed that he was able to dispense with them when he returned to England yesterday on the Adriatic.

During the voyage Lord Grey made an appeal for seamen's charities, £173 being realised. Two Huns "Court-Martialed."—Lord Grey's speech was repeatedly interrupted by loud cross-talk from two German passengers, who persisted in making an insulting way until removed. The passengers then formed themselves into a "court-martial," brought the culprits before them and compelled them to sign a written apology, which was posted up on the ship.

MUST THE DOCTOR TELL?

Justice a Higher Consideration Than Secrecy, Says Divorce Judge.

During a divorce case yesterday, in which a decree nisi was granted, a doctor who had treated the petitioner for a certain complaint was called.

He handed Mr. Justice McCauley a letter from the hospital committee calling attention to the regulations that information about such patients should be regarded as confidential.

The Judge said the witness wished to maintain loyally this secrecy which rested on doctors, but in Court's Justice there were even higher considerations.

Apart from the obligations that might be imposed on medical men by the order of his Majesty's Judges, it was most desirable there should be the most loyal observance of that confidence which was imposed on them by patients.

PROJECTILE FACTORY SOLD

The Dudley National Projectile Factory, which last week was offered for sale by public auction without a bid being received, has been bought for motor and general engineering purposes by Messrs. Harper, Bean, Ltd., head of the amalgamation of Midland firms constituting a motor combine with a capital of £6,000,000.

DRIED EGGS—HALFPENNY REFUND.

Fulham Profit-sharing Committee ordered a firm of provision merchants to refund a halfpenny on a charge of 3d. for two dried eggs.



Mr. Ben Tillett, the well-known labour leader, who is reported to be on a sickbed. Mr. J. H. Symons, a busy Weymouth draper, who has written a book on the sickbed.

PASSENGERS SWEEPED TO DEATH IN GALE.

Others Hurt on the Dover Packet—Wife's Terrible Ordeal.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DOVER, Tuesday.

A tragic accident, by which three passengers on the Dover-Ostend mail steamer *Pieter de Coninck* were swept overboard and drowned and eight injured in Sunday's violent gale, is the only known fatality of the kind in the history of this service.

The circumstances of two of the deaths are particularly sad, one being a father who was taking his children across to Belgium to school, and the other a man whose wife had the terrible experience of seeing her husband swept into the raging sea. The third drowned passenger was a woman. All were first class passengers.

The *Pieter de Coninck* was struck by one huge sea on the weather side, and three passengers were carried over the bulwarks and into the sea. Others were dashed against various parts of the ship and sustained broken limbs and other injuries.

AFRIQUE DEATH ROLL.

The loss of life in the sinking of the French liner *Afrique* near La Rochelle is very heavy, but the exact number cannot yet be definitely stated. Should the number, however, be limited to the fifty reported saved, over 400 lives will have been lost.

Among the passengers are Mr. Daniel Cook, of Liverpool, Mrs. Stewart and son, Mr. Ramsbottom and Mr. Paul Kab (?).

One of the *Afrique's* boats, with an officer, eight men of the crew and three soldiers, has reached the Vendee coast.

Two Killed by Draught.—That the draught from the window during the gale had blown out the gas was the theory advanced at a Marylebone inquest yesterday on two men named William Dunley and George Sandford, who were found dead in bed with the room full of gas.

TRAGEDY OF RATE COLLECTOR.

Death Preferred to Arrest—War Services as Officer in France.

When Mr. Richard J. Harris, a Bromley (Kent) rate collector, who had been missing for a week, was traced to Felixstowe by a police officer with a warrant for his arrest he left the room with the avowed intention of getting his overcoat, and in his absence a shot was heard. He was found fatally wounded with a revolver by his side.

Mr. Harris, who lived at Bourne End, Bromley Common, Kent, was an ex-officer, who was demobilised last July. He served in France for two years, was gassed and wounded, and was in hospital on Armistice Day. He entered the service of the council six years ago.

"On the morning after Richard was missing I went to his office and found he had taken his service revolver with him," Mrs. Harris states. "He used to keep it at home until the 'hold-ups' began to occur; since then he had it in the office desk."

It was stated at a meeting of the Bromley (Kent) Town Council Finance Committee last night that £337 2s. paid into the rates office had not been accounted for.

WILSON'S LEAGUE CALL.

Council Meeting First Step Towards New Concert of Nations.

President Wilson, in his call for the assembly of the Council of the League of Nations, says that the meeting of the Council would mark "the beginning of a new era of international co-operation and the first great step towards the ideal of a concert of nations."

It will bring the League of Nations into being as a living force and will be devoted to the task of assisting the peoples of all countries in their desire for peace, prosperity and happiness.—Reuter.

"THE SULTAN IS ILL."

CONSTANTINOPLE, Monday. An official communication states the Sultan is ill, and will not open the Chamber.—Exchange.

CABINET'S REPLY TO RAILWAYMEN TO-DAY.

The Government Not Expected to Give Way.

NEW CARRIAGE RATES.

£50,000,000 To Be Raised, but Food Prices Not Likely to Rise.

The Cabinet will reply to-day to the railwaymen's rejection of their wages offer, and *The Daily Mirror* learns that the Government will not give way.

Modifications in regard to details are suggested in some quarters, with a view to a compromise being reached.

Representatives of the N.U.R. conferred with Sir Eric Geddes and the Minister of Labour at the Ministry of Transport yesterday afternoon, when the men's reasons for rejecting the Government's offer were formally stated, and a meeting of the Cabinet, which was attended by all the Ministers in town, was held later at No. 10, Downing-street. Mr. Balfour said it was urgent to return from Paris, and is not expected in London till to-morrow.

The men's leaders will meet the members of the Cabinet to-day when the decision will be communicated to them.

NEW RAILWAY RATES.

The new railway rates will become operative to-morrow.

The Daily Mirror is informed that an additional £50,000,000 per year has to be raised—roughly, £1 per head of the population of the British Isles.

The increases, which vary from 25 per cent. on fruit, vegetables, eggs, butter, poultry, etc., to 100 per cent. on small parcels conveyed by goods train, sound very alarming, but when they were analysed, the extra is so small that there would appear to be no justification for passing it on to the consumer.

So far as foodstuffs were concerned, the increases have been specially framed so that the people's food shall not be affected.

There is a general impression that railway rates in the British Isles are high, says a prominent railway official, but, in fact, they compare favourably with any country in the world.

ARMED MEN HALT DANCERS.

Guests for Irish Ball Held Up with Revolvers—Shots at Chauffeurs.

Six motor-cars and several horsed carriages conveying guests to a ball at Killyrush House, ten miles from Kilkenny, it was reported yesterday, were held up on Monday night by masked men with revolvers.

Some of the cars were overturned, and the engines of all were damaged almost beyond repair. It was reported that the driver of one of the cars, who was carrying a revolver, had been compelled the driver of the Thurler's motor-car, at the point of the revolver, to hand over the mail, and ransacked the bags without finding any money. The Thurler car now runs under armed escort.

ALLIED PREMIERS CONFER.

Turkey's Fate Under Discussion—"Settle Fiume," Mr. Lloyd George says.

PARIS, Tuesday.

Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau have held a long conference on the subject of the settlement of the Turkish question.—Exchange.

The three Premiers are busily engaged on the Adriatic question, according to the Central News, which adds that Mr. Lloyd George is insisting upon a decision being reached before the end of the week.

It would appear that the solution in view would render unnecessary the creation of a neutral state in the Fiume region.

800 War Guilty.—The Inter-Allied Legal Commission has reduced the list of German war criminals to 800 names.—Reuter.

Peace Conference Records.—The Supreme Council has decided upon the publication of the deliberations of the Peace Conference as drawn up by the secretarial staff of the Conference.—Exchange.

First League Meeting.—The first meeting of the Executive Council of the League of Nations will be held on Friday at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Lloyd George has summoned the President of the Board of Trade to Paris to confer on certain economic questions.—Central News.

FRANCE'S HONOUR FOR "L. G."

On behalf of the French Government, M. Clemenceau has requested permission of King George to decorate Mr. Lloyd George with the Grand Order of the Legion of Honour.—Reuter.

Colonel John Ward, M.P., has been awarded the Order of the Sacred Treasure, Third Class, by the Emperor of Japan.

Oak Leaf for "Mentions."—The King has approved of a bronze oak leaf being worn on the Victory Medal Riband of officers and men mentioned in dispatches.

This photograph shows the actual size of the Glaxo Baby Book.



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The Glaxo "Happy Motherhood" Service comprises the Glaxo Baby Book; the Glaxo Weight Chart; the Glaxo Baby Clothing Patterns; the Glaxo Mother's Help Bureau in charge of the trained Glaxo Nurses; and "Before Baby Comes," a little book specially written for expectant mothers by a well-known doctor. It is the most complete Mother Help Service ever offered to Mothers by the proprietors of a Baby Food. In return for an expenditure measurable in pence, it is likely to save you many pounds in hard cash—it will certainly save you endless unnecessary worry—it will help you to become "mother-wise"—it will put you on "The Glaxo Way," which thousands of mothers already know is The Way to Happy, Successful Motherhood.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1920.

"THE COMMON GOOD."

A "RAILWAY CRISIS" of one sort or another is always with us.

If it isn't, as now, a dispute between Government and workers, it is a "congested condition of the railways." Or it is more often both, since strikes and labour troubles produce "congestion" of transport.

Thus more and more transport becomes the vital question of the time. For on effective transport our artificial and overpopulated civilisation depends.

Yet never or rarely do you get a wide, a universal, consideration of this vital problem.

Each section—coalowners, miners, railwaymen—views the thing sectionally, or locally. Each trade is out for more. Each interest is out to prevent more being given. And it is odd that, all the time, each section, each trade and each interest continues to talk of a suffering abstraction called the Community, which each professes to place before interests sectional and local.

This patient creature, the Community, has been a good deal battered about of late.

The blows dealt at it are felt by all of us, as individuals—by the housewife in various shortages, by the new poor in coallessness, by the workers in high prices. Only the general health of the Community can cure the ills of the individual.

No doubt each realises it, although each continues to work unconsciously against it. For every party and every programme puts the Community first in its promises, while putting it last in its practice.

It is always the other side—as in this latest railway dispute—that is acting selfishly and without thought of the plain fact that the malady of the State is the sickness of every man and woman in it. And the strife of sections is always represented as the honest effort of all to get the Community on to its legs while the combatants are sitting on its head.

WHEN THE GERMANS ARRIVE.

IT is not expected that there will be an "invasion of Huns," now that diplomatic relations have been resumed with our late enemy. We are at peace. Nevertheless, we are going to keep an eye on the German.

The results of our scrutiny will probably be that there will be no Germans.

None will land. None will be confessed. All will be neutrals still. We shall get a number of Dutchmen, Swedes, Icelanders, and, above all, Swiss.

Then, years hence, the first acknowledged German will arrive—and be denounced.

He will regret that he did not label himself "Swiss."

SOFT JOBS.

THOSE living on fairly good incomes, without doing much obvious work, are being attacked again. No, not profiteers! Not Capitalists either! Merely Deans and Canons and City Rectors. The "sinsecure" or soft job was always denounced by those who haven't got one.

There is a case for the Canon.

Much scholarly thought, much patient investigation, some spiritual wisdom may emanate, in these boomer times, from those who have time to think. And the only people who have time are people who have fixed incomes or soft jobs.

If we mustoust them, let us first ask them for their credentials. And if they answer: "I have expounded, in seven volumes, the harmony of the Synoptic Gospels," or: "I have analysed Plotinus for the benefit of the few"—well, let us consider carefully whether the labourer, in these cases, is worthy of the softness of his job.

W. M.

WOMEN IN TROUSERS: A MAN'S CRITICISM.

WHY NOT MALE CONTROLLER OF FEMININE COSTUME?

By KEITH FERGUSON.

THREE weeks ago a girl I know aired her views to me on the ugliness of men's clothes in general and of their trousers in particular. Why not revive, said she, the fashions of the seventeenth century and beautify Piccadilly and the Strand with a breeched and stockinged gentry?

I said nothing. I submitted.

But then I thought.

I remembered all that your readers have said, and are saying, about the "indecent," not to say ugliness, of women's dress. I smiled derisively to myself.

Then—only yesterday—I met this same girl wearing a brand-new pair of trousers herself! As far as I could see, there was little difference between them and my own, except that

cannot find a skirt to suit her she should do without one altogether and wear trousers instead?

Not that for a moment I think this explanation to be the true one of this latest horror. For it smacks overmuch of independence, and devotees of fashion are proverbial slaves who surrender their wills to Paris dressmakers. Would that it were due to the birth of such independence: for with it would come a greater personality, which is but a sickly plant nowadays. But I fear there is no sign of it, and I, for one, have given up all hope of ever seeing a woman dressed as her taste and fancy dictate and not merely in meek obedience to fashion's imperious mandates.

CHARACTER AND DRESS.

I think one could glean for oneself quite a lot of information about a lady's character from the way she dressed, provided one was quite sure that she followed no fashion but her own.

Why is it then? What weird force is it in a woman's nature, however artistic she be,

THE BOY, THE HOME, AND THE HOLIDAYS.



It is strange; but a boy home for the holidays seems to get bigger and bigger the longer the holidays last—until he fills the whole house or grows much too big for it. (By W. K. Haselden.)

mine were dark blue and hers were of a lightish yellow and rather more baggy. I don't know whether she remembered our last meeting and conversation. I fancy she did, but she didn't allude to it, and a certain gleam in her eye warned me not to either.

And I know that had I said anything about it—I mean *them*—I refer to the skimpy skirt, or the woman's trousers—I should have been told to "shut up, because it's the fashion and we can't help it."

Who can understand the comings and goings of feminine fashions?

Not a mere man, assuredly: he may approve, disapprove or deplore, but he never pretends to understand. And he will understand the latest fashion—or what threatens to become the latest fashion—less than all its many predecessors.

Trousers! That is what it has come to now: that, it appears, is what the ever-changing procession of long skirts, short skirts, hobble skirts, slashed skirts, pleated skirts and plain skirts has been leading up to all this time.

And, after all, why not?

What more natural than that if a lady

that drives her on to perpetrate such enormities?

She cannot think trousers are pretty!

In fact, she says they are not—for men.

Why then should they look nice—for women?

We have, in fact, arrived at an odd position with regard to dress.

There was an agitation, some time ago, in favour of a reform in men's trousers. It had two effects.

One was to leave men vaguely dissatisfied with trousers.

The other was to make women adopt them!

At the same time, it is proposed to put boys into skirts—that is, kilts.

What does it all mean?

I do not know. But I have a remedy. Let men advise women what to wear and let women design dress for men.

Each is apparently able to see the other's absurdities as what they are—absurd. Let us, then, have a Male Controller for feminine "modes." And let there be a Woman Supervisor of men's dress.

Then we shall get a reform in clothes at last!

DRESS REFORM NEEDED.

OUR READERS' CONDEMN THE RECENT FASHIONS FOR WOMEN.

ACCORDING TO AGE.

THE truth is that very few women have any taste in dress at all.

The assertion can be proved quite easily.

Note the utter unsuitability of the dresses women wear according to age.

Now middle-aged women dress in befitting middle-aged fashion. You have the very frequent spectacle of the ageing woman absurdly habited in girl's garments.

Also you have young girls dressed in black. Most women want to attract attention. What better way of doing it than by being "daring"?

A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Embankment Gardens, Chelsea.

"DARING."

YOUR readers are optimistic! They think they are going to make women blush by telling them their dress is "indecent."

This will encourage them all the more.

Women simply don't know. They want guidance.

Great Russell-street, W.C.

F. M. L.

ALWAYS THE SAME?

WOMEN have always gone in for "indecent" fashions.

As a student of history I am entitled to assert as much.

Study the Middle Ages and their costume.

There was one fashion, then which commanded that women should push their ears forward, in order to look as much as possible like bats!

It was the same in the eighteenth century—viz. Rowlandson, and, later, Cruikshank.

In the ancient world we have Aristophanes as an authority on the "indecent" of feminine undress.

Woman is changeable—in detail.

In essentials, she remains the same.

Cambridge. HISTORICUS.

THE SUGAR SHORTAGE.

NOW that British jam-makers are using American glucose instead of cane sugar, wise people will turn their attention to honey. Honey comes here from Australia, Chile, California, Cuba, Jamaica, South Africa, New Zealand and Japan.

The finest of all is the New Zealand, and, next to that, Californian.

Australian honey is the cheapest, and it is really excellent and absolutely pure. Flavour, and not colour, is the thing to judge by. BEE.

THE SALARIES THEY OFFER.

I HAVE read with interest the recent remarks in your paper regarding clerks and short-hand-typists, but the query of a "City Man," "Do girls want work?" aroused in me a feeling of indignation.

He has cited his own case, and I will cite mine.

My profession is that of shorthand-typist and bookkeeper, and I hold excellent testimonials. I am not what is generally known as a "Government wash-out," never having worked for the Government in my life.

I have answered advertisements every day for several weeks, but in most instances have received no reply.

In cases where I have been asked for interviews everything has been apparently satisfactory until the question of salary crops up. Then I find that £2 per week seems to most employers to be an adequate salary for a thoroughly experienced "shorthand-typist."

Perhaps if some of those men who employed girls at this high remuneration were to think awhile they would realise that no girl at the present time can live on anything less than £3 per week.

DISGUSTED.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Nervous Husbands.—But why are husbands so "nervous" as Mr. W. who tells us they are? Is it not be bills and the cost of living? And will psycho-analysis cure these?—Nervous.

The Scarcity of Buttons.—The scarcity of buttons must be acute. One sees every woman wearing furs having to hold the ends of her collar round her throat, owing to having no button to fasten it.—OBSERVANT MAN.

Ungraceful Englishmen.—Few dances are ugly. It is the way the men dance them. Rarely does an Englishman let himself be graceful in anything. He considers it "bad form." Watch an Englishman skating. Even if he is a first-class skater, his movements are those of a wooden figure, compared with a Swedish skater.—A DANCER.

Tramps.—It is the Casual Ward that makes the tramp possible. These men rely on a safe bed at night. Abolish the Poor Law and you get rid of the tramp.—GUARDIAN.

THE RIVER OF TIME.

The lapse of time and rivers is the same. Both speed their journey with a restless stream. The silent race with which they steal away. No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay. Alike irrevocable both when past, And a wide ocean swallows both at last.

Though each resemble each in every part, A difference strikes at length the musing heart. Streams never flow in vain, for rivers show how hard How laughs the land with various plenty crowned! But time, that should enrich the nobler mind, Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

COWDEN.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

How rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak.—Fenton.

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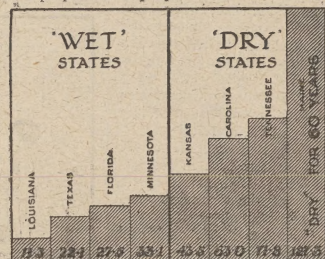
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C ONDITION on object—Wanted, Teeth, Old Jewellery, Plate, Gold, Silver; cheques same day; parcels—Stanley Pearce, 153, Gray's Inn-road, Holborn, London.
H OUSEHOLD Furniture wanted for spot cash by young couple; no dealers—Write D. H. 54, New Oxford-st., W.C.
J UST a minute, please! I buy false teeth, have you any? I will pay you very good prices for any artificial teeth, any condition, because I need them for remanufacture; satisfaction or teeth returned; promptly post free; send me your address and I will send you free a stamped addressed box for packing teeth in—E. J. Lewis, 29, London-road (358), Southport, Lancs., Est. 1873.
O LD False Teeth, Jewellery, etc.—Highest possible value given or offers by return. If not accepted goods returned immediately, post free. Platinum Scrap £18 10s. per oz.—Hayburn and Co., 105, Market-st., Manchester.
P IANO Wanted, urgent; upright, iron frame or small grand—Capt. S. 15, Crofton Park-road, S.E. 4.
U RGETLY Needed—All kinds Ladies' Gent's cast-off clothing; cash paid immediately. Est. 60 years—Mrs. H. Walker, 105, Ebbelard-street, Kennington, London.
W ANTED Artificial Teeth, Old Jewellery, Watches, Gold, Silver and Plated Goods (any condition); at most value or offer—Stanley and Co., 33, Oxford-st., W.1.

FILM COMPETITION FROM GERMANY.

THE QUALITY OF PICTURES MADE IN BERLIN.

By ALFRED BARNARD.

This article, written by our contributor after viewing a German film that has just reached this country, will interest all picture theatre-goers.

IT WAS shown privately yesterday a film that has just reached this country from Germany. It is a five-reeler dealing with a romantic period of French history, and, as might be expected, is permeated with subtle anti-French sentiment that, apart from its origin, would prevent it, at least without very considerable cutting, from being shown at cinemas in this country.

There are, however, one or two things about it worthy of our close attention, for it is patent that to lead in the film industry British producers have not only to beat the pictures put out by America, but also those being manufactured in Germany.

It would be idle not to realise this fact, because to disregard the work of a competitor is very likely to mean giving that competitor the cards with which to win.

The photography and production rivalled some of the best American films I have seen.

The management of vast crowds of many hundreds of people, of populace and soldiery in collision, of dramatic situations that tell a story without words—all these things show the work of a producer far above the average and certainly in advance of the majority of British work, and as good as much of the American.

ATTENTION TO DETAIL.

From the technical point of view only one imperfection could I trace, and that was the frequency of light blotches due to the paucity of the stock (the actual film) used, which suggests that in Berlin the manufacturers have a difficulty in obtaining material of the requisite quality.

It was a costume play, and no fault was to be found with the dress, which, from beginning to end, showed greater accuracy to period and place than is to be found in American productions.

Reflecting upon the qualities of the work, I at first thought that a special effort had been made during the last few months, but inquiry proved that this picture was actually completed in Germany during the last months of the war. It was finished just before the armistice was signed.

And, also, the thought comes, if work of this particular quality could be produced after five years of war, what will be the quality of that which will be produced in the future under conditions of peace?

It is necessary to think upon that point, because it is that quality which, if we face the facts, we must be prepared to beat; and, incidentally, so must the Americans also.

Nearly all the big scenes in the film were built in a studio, which reminds me of the fact recorded last Saturday in this page that even in Los Angeles 75 per cent. of the pictures are taken by artificial light.

BRITISH PRODUCERS' TASK.

These facts should teach the British manufacturer to devote his attention to the technique and detail of indoor production and abandon the purchase of country estates and his tours of the countryside for the sake of filming "the actual spot."

The real essential in the art of film production is the ability to construct representations of Nature in surroundings most suitable to the camera—and not the ability to carry a camera to some part of the country hallowed in history or famous in fiction. Acting upon this plan, at any rate, the German producer shows good results.

In one other point, too, he scores, and that is in the extreme brevity of his titles. Reading long titles is the bane of the picture theatre-goer.

People do not go to a cinema to read books, they go to see pictures which tell stories.

From the British trade point of view the question of prejudice against German films is not without importance, but there is, in this connection, one fact to be borne in mind.

The earliest date at which a German film imported now could be shown in this country in the ordinary programmes is somewhere about eighteen months ahead, and time will do much to discount prejudice.

Therefore, what the British producer must do is to realise at once that he must beat not only the quality of American productions, but the standard of work set by the German manufacturers. To ignore the latter means ultimately to hand them over the film markets of the world.

DO MEN PREFER SENTIMENTAL WIVES?

CHANGES THAT TAKE PLACE AFTER MARRIAGE.

By ANNE WRIGHTON.

IT is the law of love that a man is more demonstrative before marriage; a woman after. There are very few women who in their heart of hearts do not wish to appear pleasing in a man's eyes.

Ask a hundred brides if a wife should be sentimental after marriage and I doubt not a hundred feminine voices would cry "Yes." Tell them that all those caresses in their engaged days are better suppressed now and they will think you a cynic.

But what about the bridegroom? A married man has fresh responsibilities. His brain busies itself in "getting on," for he has a wife and home to work for, and it isn't a husband's way to live on kisses and sentiment.

That man is very little use in business, for though a woman who loves a man will have "no other gods" but him, Nature built men differently, and the man whose only "god" is his wife is bound to come to failure.

Oftentimes the love a man feels for a woman after marriage is worth far more than the love he gives her during the engagement, but the average man settles down after the honeymoon to practical life and "gets used" to

seeing his wife pour out his coffee at breakfast each morning.

In their engaged days he did not see her so often. It was easy to "bill and coo" once or twice a week, but he can't be expected to go into the same rapture three hundred and sixty-five times a year when they both live under the same roof. To him a too sentimental wife gets a little boring.

Of course, he wouldn't exchange her for anything in the world, but he gets a little impatient when she wishes to hold his hand at intervals during meal times. At half-past eight in the morning, when he has a train to catch and every moment is precious, it seems an annoying waste of time.

As he runs to the station after a lengthy and tender farewell and a whispered "Are you sure you love me as much as you used to do?" to which he has answered an impatient "Of course," he experiences feelings of irritation.

A sentimental wife often becomes exacting in trifles. She will sulk and cry because her husband forgets to remember the anniversary of their wedding day.

Her emotions are unbalanced, and she reproaches him continually for little things, till he begins to dread her "I'm sure you don't love me, or you'd have done so-and-so."

She wears out his temper; her sentimental feelings become a barrier between her and her husband.

No, on the whole, sentimental wives are a failure. Most husbands would rather have a restless, practical wife than one who is always offering and craving for endearments.



THE HERRING HARVEST.—Great catches have been secured by the Plymouth fishing fleet, and a cargo is here seen being landed at the Barbican.

WHAT DOES THE MOON THINK ABOUT IT?

AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE ROCKETS THAT MISS?

By JAMES CLIFFORD.

I'M not sure that I'm altogether for Professor Robert H. Goddard, of Clark College, Worcester, Mass. My ideas of peace and a quiet life don't at all coincide with his.

His "multiple-charge, high-efficiency rocket for exploring unknown regions of the upper air" sounds too much like a large size in air raids to please me.

Besides, I don't see that he has any right to go shooting off rockets at the moon. What do the moon people think about it? It's altogether disturbing.

Supposing there's some lad on the moon or Mars or some other spot upstairs, a sort of local Professor Goddard with brainy ideas about shooting off things at the earth. I hate to think I might wake up in the middle of the night just as the first rocket from Mars arrived in the back garden.

There'd be no one to send off maroons to give you a chance to get up and dress and die decently either.

And it would be just the same for the lads on the moon. It's a good job they don't know what's coming to them. I know people are going to tell me that the moon is uninhabited, but how do they know? They only guess these things.

Then it isn't as if Professor Robert H. Goddard was the only person who was going to fool about with big fireworks. As soon as he starts hundreds of bright young fellows will say they thought of it first and start taking pot shots at the moon every other night.

And frankly I don't believe in this theory about rockets going so high that they never come back to earth again. My opinion is that they will, and we shall have whacking great squibs dropping all over the place on

moonlit nights next summer. You know the sort of thing that will happen. You'll be sitting out in the garden after dinner feeling romantic and listening to the nightingales and saying how peaceful everything is, when, before you know it, you'll be lifted about three-quarters of a mile away together with bits of your drawing-room.

That will be Professor Q. Jones' effort of Thursday week that didn't quite get there.

And there'll be all the amateur moon shooters, too, the youths with scientific ambitions, who take up rockets in their spare time, and fond fathers with small boys who have to be amused.

They'll make rockets about the size of a football to see how high they'll go, then something will go wrong and my roof will be the answer.

I can't understand wanting to upset life like the professor chaps do. I see that before he takes his first shot at the moon Professor Robert H. is carrying out experiments.

Well, there you are again. What's going to happen to those experiments? For all we know one of them may be on the way now.

It isn't as though America was going to suffer. They'll push off one of these rockets at a rising moon in the east and if it's a good one it will about fetch London. I think we ought to have put something in the Peace Treaty about only shooting at Germany. After all, America hasn't made peace yet.

And, anyhow, it's no good shooting things at the moon if you don't know what happens if you hit it. It can only annoy the moonites and make them start shooting things at us. They won't know we're doing it in a friendly way. I've seen lots of quarrels start just like that.

I think Professor Goddard ought to have the courage of his convictions. He ought to go up with the first rocket. Then if he gets back safely he can tell all about it. If he doesn't, well, we needn't worry about persecuting the moon any more.

CUT THIS OUT.

Famous Specialist's Recipe for Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you know someone who is troubled with head noises or Catarrhal Deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. Recent experiments have proved conclusively that Catarrhal Deafness, head noises, etc., were the direct cause of constitutional disease, and that salves, sprays, inhalers, etc., merely temporise with the complaint, and seldom if ever effect a permanent cure. This being so, much time and money have been spent of late by a noted specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective tonic that would quickly dispel all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system. The effective prescription which was eventually formulated, and which has aroused the belief that deafness will soon be extinct, is given below in understandable form, so that anyone can treat themselves in their own home at little expense.

Secure from your chemist loz. Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 3 pint of hot water and 2oz. of sugar or two dessertspoonsful of golden syrup or honey. Stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most distressing head noises, headache, dizziness, cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment.

Loss of smell and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrhal poison, and which are quickly overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly 90 per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh, therefore there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this simple, home treatment. Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness, or catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.

IMPORTANT.—In ordering Parmint from your chemist, always specify that you want Double Strength. Should he not have it in stock, write to the International Laboratories, Limited, 10, Philip-place, Mount Pleasant, London, W.C. 1.—(Advt.)

TO MAKE

Bisto GRAVY

Just smooth down the Bisto with a little water (warm, not boiling), then add the rest of the water and pour into the roasting tin from which the fat has been poured off, stirring all the time and *boil well* for a second or two.

RECIPE TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

A Well-Known Hairdresser Tells How to Make a Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Frank Harbaugh, who has been a hairdresser for more than forty years, recently made the following statement:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will restore the natural color to grey hair. To a half pint of water add 1 ounce of bay Rum, 2 ounce of glycerine, and a small box of Orlex Compound. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost, and mixed at home. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey haired person look twenty years younger. This is not a dye, it does not color the most delicate scalp, is not greasy and does not rub off. It will promote the growth of the hair, remove dandruff, and make harsh hair soft and glossy."—(Advt.)

PLENTY OF SUGAR

Unavailable, and the only genuine and harmless substitute to be had.

IS "SUNSHINE"

CHEAP SACCHARINE TABLETS.

Every tablet equal to two thirds of sugar. 1,000 tablets in dainty tin box sent by return registered post free on receipt of P.O. 4/6.

SATISFACTION ASSURED. WHY PAY 10s. PER 100?

Also 5,000 Tablets at 4s. 6d. per 100; total 4s. 6d. 10,000 Tablets at 8s. 6d. per 100; total 8s. 6d.

Sunshine Products (Dept. AD), Sharpleshall St., London, N.W. 3.

DAZZLE CRAZE SPREADS TO PIGS.



This fine herd of pedigree Gloucester spots, owned by Capt. Brassey, at Cottesbrooke Park, seems to have caught the camouflage craze. Still, as some of the sows are said to be worth £100 apiece perhaps there is reasonable excuse for this hankering after fashion.



FATAL DARING.—All that was left of a motor-car the driver of which attempted to cross a railway track in the face of an approaching express. His rash action resulted in two deaths and made two others cripples for life.



THE RAILWAY DISPUTE.—Sir Eric Geddes (right) and Sir Robert Horne arriving back at the Ministry of Transport after a conference with the Premier at Paris on the subject of negotiation with the railwaymen.

AMERICA'S BID— THE BELL BIRD



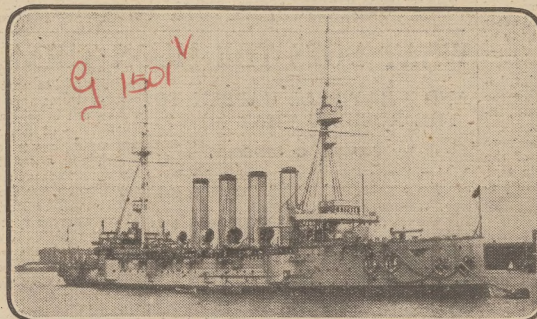
America can present some quite attractive dress designs. There is distinctive beauty in this evening cloak of rose velvet with sleeves of rose and gold brocade and nutria edging.



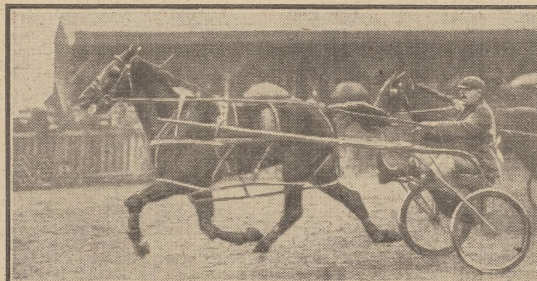
The Bell Bird from Brazil where the "nuts" come from—has arrived at the Zoo. Its voice rings like a hammer on an anvil and is audible from afar.



Wing-Comdr. J. W. Brazhous, V.C., G.B.E., M.C., A.F.C., who is to receive the freedom of the borough of Carnarvon.



WHO WANTS A CRUISER?—H.M.S. Bacchante, which is now for sale. Built nineteen years ago at a cost of over £750,000, she has flown the flags of several distinguished admirals and was in the North Sea Patrol.



TROTTER RACES.—A competitor going all out in the first lap of the New Year Handicap at Greenford Park. There was a good attendance and only one race, for which ten drivers were fined, proved disappointing.



The Yorksire Ouse, which has overflowed its banks, as approach to the promenade.



Surrounded by the flooded Ouse, the Ship Inn lives up to its name.

SERIOUS FLOODS IN THE NORTH.—An unpleasant degree. The River Ouse, is still rising. Above are shown

REYNARD

—FOR FASHION.

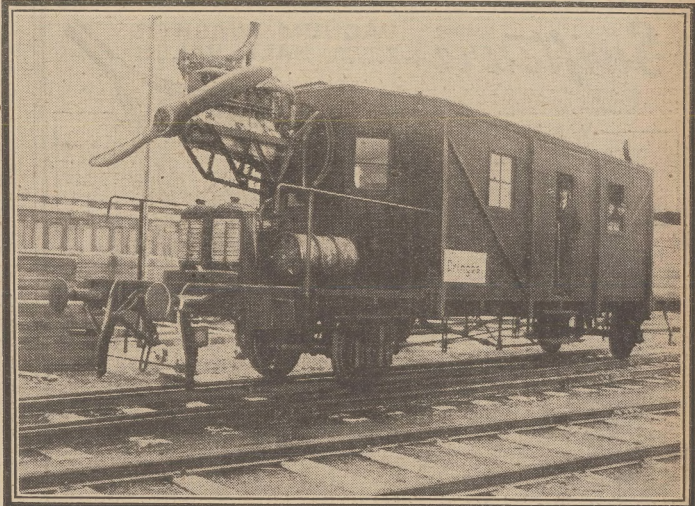
NEW USE FOR AEROPLANE ENGINE



daughters and twin sons of Mr. Guiley, Master of the South Downs. They are young but attendants at the meet.



A New York house was responsible for this striking creation. It was designed for the film star, Corinne Griffiths, who has a reputation for lavish expenditure on dress.



This picture demonstrates one of the uses to which Germany is converting her war material. An aeroplane engine and propeller are fixed at each end of the locomotive and these supply the power that drives the vehicle. The running costs must be considerable.



indated the adjoining promen- they remain lighted.



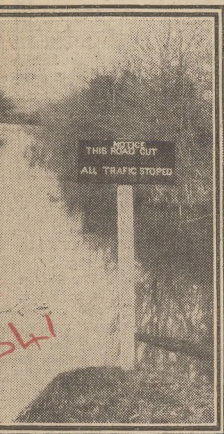
Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Charlton, who is the head of the Commission for Kiel to assure the carrying out of our naval terms by Germany.



Mr. J. C. Blofeld taking aim at a low-flying bird during a wild duck shoot on his Norfolk estate.



V.C.s' BOXING EXHIBITION.—Two popular V.C.s, ex-Sergeant Issey Smith (Manchester Regiment) and ex-Sergeant Kenny (North Lanes), gave a three-round exhibition at a recent tournament at Wimbledon.



severely affected by the swollen River Barrow.



WHERE SNOW HOLDS SWAY.—Merry enthusiasts at St. Moritz, Switzerland, set out for the day's sport. The solitary occupant of the gaily-caparisoned sleigh envies the jollity of the crowded but happy party.



Keepers with the morning's bag.

Mr. J. C. Blofeld, of Hoveton House, Norfolk, recently held a wild duck shoot over Hoveton Broad, on his private estate. Good sport was experienced, and resulted in an excellent bag.

A MARVELLOUS NEW DISCOVERY FOR WASHING CLOTHES AND SAVING COAL

THE PATENT
Swiftsure

VACUUM WASHER
With the
Wonderful BALL VALVE

WILL DO A LARGE FAMILY WASH IN HALF AN HOUR WITHOUT BOILING OR RUBBING THAT WOULD TAKE THREE HOURS WITH A DOLLY AND WASHBOARD.

WARNING

We hereby warn the public against SPURIOUS IMITATIONS. The genuine "SWIFTSURE" PATENT Vacuum Washer with the WONDERFUL BALL-VALVE is supplied direct to the public (thus saving middlemen's profits). Carriage FREE on 14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL by the Sole Patentees, from their ONLY ADDRESS: THE BRITISH VACUUM WASHER CO. (Dept. 8), 91, DUKE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

The following are a few Extracts taken from Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials. (Original letters open for inspection.)

3-4 HOURS' HARD TOIL SAVED ON WASH-DAY

The Rev. GEO. BRAIN, North End, Portsmouth, writes, October 8th, 1919:—"May I say that I never in all my life paid a bill with greater satisfaction."

One needs to see to believe in this case. People to whom you speak of its wonderful work are sceptical until they see for themselves. Washing that used to take five or six hours is now done in two. Every housewife in Britain ought to have one, and hard toil will change to pleasure.

BOILING & RUBBING DONE AWAY WITH

Mrs. A. L. BATES, 16, Summerland Mansions, Mowell Hill, London, N., writes:—"Have pleasure to inform you that I have tested your Vacuum Washer and found it most satisfactory. It does away with both boiling and rubbing, so saves both time and money."

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Write now while you have name and address handy.

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MADE OF
STRONG
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COPPER.

SEND NO MONEY
WE TRUST YOU WITH A "SWIFTSURE"
WASHER IN YOUR HOME ON A
14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

We can only afford to make THIS GENEEROUS OFFER because we know the Washer will on trial prove all we claim for it. We know you will be delighted. After trial, if satisfied, you send us cash 18/6, which is the cost. Should you not be satisfied, however, you return the Washer without any obligation or charge. Could anything be fairer? Write for your to-day.

The "SWIFTSURE" is different to any other washer in existence, and is honestly made of Solid Copper to last a life-time, and has a wonderfully effective and yet simple patented BALL-VALVE Contrivance in its interior which regulates the flow of air and water.

THE CUSTARD for Parties and Dances

Delicious served with all kinds of fruit and for making trifle, tipsy cake or custard tartlets. It is most useful, satisfactory and economical. Poured cold over Foster Clark's Jellies, it makes a dainty dish.

IT'S TOPPING!

"I say: Try some of this Custard with Jelly. Mother always uses it at our parties. It's Foster Clark's (they make the jelly, too). It's topping!"

Large Family Tin 1/- Large Family Packet 10d.
FOSTER CLARK, LTD., MAIDSTONE.

Foster Clark's Cream Custard

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF FUR COATS AND FURS

Further Reductions This Week Only.

Throughout This Week we are clearing our entire Stock of FUR COATS and FURS regardless of cost.

Some Examples of Bargains we are offering:

	Usual Price.	Present Price.
3 only Seal Musquash Coats, Skunk Collar and Cuffs...	90	50
2 only Persian Lamb Coats, Skunk Collar and Cuffs...	110	65
50 Rich Coney Seal Coats...	21	14
10 Model Fur Coats, various Furs...	40	26
14 Natural Musquash Coats, First Quality...	45	30
20 Mole Coney Coats...	30	18
20 Large Skunk Wraps and Stoles...	25	15
25 Large Skunk Muffs...	17	10
60 Odd Fur Stoles...	9	5
70 Skunk Opossum Stoles...	6	3½
30 Cloth Coats, lined fur...	12	8
100 Velour Cloth Coats, fur collars...	6	4
20 Large Natural Musquash Stoles...	7½	5

Pay us an early visit as this offer will not be repeated.

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Wednesday, Thursday, Friday & Saturday

PERCY ROBINSON, Ltd.,
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Phone Park 382.

Close Saturday 1 o'clock.



Fine Electric Seal Coat with Skunk Collar. Usual Price 30 Gns. Sale Price 18 Gns.



None but the brave deserve the fair
The fair deserve the best - so share

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Everyone likes WRIGLEY'S because of its delicious, long-lasting flavour. It is the ideal sweetmeat for all occasions, and costs but a fraction of the price of ordinary sweetmeats which do not last nearly so long. It keeps the mouth cool and fresh, and is just the thing for golfers, footballers and all athletes. It perfumes the breath and is ideal when dancing. Sold everywhere in three delightful flavours.

WRIGLEY'S is good for YOU because:-

It cleans and polishes the teeth.
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It sweetens the breath.
It promotes the flow of saliva and aids digestion.
It strengthens the masticatory muscles.
It soothes the nerves and clears the head.
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GET A PACKET TO-DAY
AND CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL.

5 bars 2½d

Sealed
Tight-
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Why it Falls Off or Turns Grey and the Remedy.

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Author of "Scalp Massage," "Uric Acid and the Hair," "Alopecia Areata," "The Hair and the Nervous System," etc., etc.

"Everybody should read this little book."

Soleman.

The precepts lay down for the management, preservation, and restoration of the hair are at once simple, lucid, and convincing. - Medical Record.

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HEART AND NERVES.
If you have any indications of Nerve or Functional Heart Disorders, such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fainting, Fulness in the Throat, Anæmia, Faints around the Heart or under the Left Shoulder, allow us to send you a Free Supply of Oxon, sufficient for five days' trial, together with a treatise on the heart and testimonials from people who have been cured. Send no stamps. Package in plain wrapper.

THE GLAXO CO., Ltd. (Dept. 618W), 33 & 34, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. 4. Oxon preparations are on sale at all branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Taylors, White's, Hodder's, and other leading Chemists.



Miss Katherine Henderson is engaged to Capt. H. H. M. Smith.



Lady Clancarty will leave London soon for Cannes.

PRINCE'S DEBUT.

Will the Ex-Kaiser Be Extradited?—Preparing for the American Invasion.

IT IS NOW THE TURN of the third of the King's sons to take up public duties. Prince Henry is not behind any of the Royal Family as regards personal charm. His touch of shyness is a human trait that only endears him to lookers-on. He may be said to have made his official debut at the Manchester Institute yesterday. But he has been seen at public functions ere now. Prince Albert was with his brother, the Prince of Wales, at the Canada Club's Savoy dinner.

Paisley By-Election.

There was a good deal of discussion in political circles yesterday concerning the nearing by-election at Paisley. Mr. Asquith's political friends had been hoping that he would consent to stand, but the position has been rather complicated by the prospect of the appearance of a Coalition candidate, in addition to a champion of Labour.

With Radical Traditions.

The more moderate men in both wings of the Liberal Party hope that the ex-Prime Minister might be allowed a straight fight with the Labour candidate, since Paisley is a constituency with Radical traditions. Whether the Government Whips, who yesterday had the matter under consideration, will send down a man to fight the seat remains to be seen.

Collaring the ex-Kaiser.

Informal conversations are said to have taken place between Dutch statesmen and jurists and representatives of the Allies. The former have pointed out that the only extradition known to international law is that in which a country asks for an absconding subject alleged to have been guilty of stated offences. The Allies have replied that they are making a new law, and they expect Holland's aid in carrying it out.

Lenin and the Royalists.

A Swedish friend tells me that Lenin is greatly troubled lest there should be a Tsarist putiny in his own ranks. There have been one or two demonstrations in Bolshevik territories lately by those who are still loyal to the monarchist regime.

A Bolshevik Census.

Just lately Lenin ordered a census to be taken in Petrograd and Moscow and then commanded every citizen to appear personally before certain tribunals, to whom they had to swear their allegiance. Two men, who declared that they wished to leave Russia, were executed.

Trotsky's Sorrows.

It is rumoured very persistently in Stockholm that Trotsky himself attempted to quit Russia and was only prevented from doing so by his joint-leader's threats.

Mars and Matrimony.

When is the War Office going to issue revised regulations in regard to matrimony among the rank and file? The present position is very unsatisfactory, for soldiers contemplating marriage do not know how their wives will stand as regards the all-important matter of being "on" or "off the strength."

Three Per Cent.

In pre-war days only about 3 per cent. of privates were allowed to marry "on the strength." Now that we are getting a high type of man for the Army and asking him to make it his life's profession, a return to these conditions is surely inconceivable. An announcement from the War Office, however, would ally a good deal of uncertainty and misgiving.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Training the Territorials.

Many of us have mixed memories of the training camps which sprang into life during the war. These will not be scrapped now that peace has been ratified. They will be used as training centres for Territorial divisions under Mr. Churchill's scheme.

Insurance Up to Date.

I notice that an insurance company has opened up a department to insure bank officials against death caused by desperadoes and "hold-up" men. The premium is 2s. 6d. for a policy of £500. How cheerful for the wife of a bank clerk!

Treasury and Stock Exchange.

Every Stock Exchange bargain necessitates expenditure in stamping fees, and as there is quite a boom on 'Change, the Revenue should be doing very well. A new idea is that every new company should allot free to the Government a certain percentage of share capital. Nowadays this would be a real help.

Late Best Man.

People have been wondering why Prince Louis of Orleans-Bourbon, Infanta of Spain, came to London. It was to be best man to his friend, Mr. Francis Ferdinand Francia, son of Mr. Joseph Francia, when he married Miss Alice Groom at St. James', Spanish place, last week. But I hear that though he arrived in London in plenty of time, the best man was twenty-six minutes late.

A Foreign Savant.

Dr. Remo de Fazi is expected in London shortly, but perhaps you have never heard of him. Nominated by the Italian Government, he is the second (Sir William) Ramsay Memorial Fellow. The first Fellow, a Greek savant, is already working at University College.

Stars in Front.

When the Dramatic Players come to town their first appearance will be at the Court Theatre on Friday in a matinee performance of "A Marriage of Convenience." I hear that Miss Marion Terry, Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Marie Lohr, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. Harry Lytton and others who are honorary members of the society, have promised to be there.

Atmosphere.

The piece is being produced by Mr. Arthur Fayne, an old Bensonian, under the direction of Mr. E. Holman Clark, and with the idea of creating a suitable atmosphere songs of the period of the play (Louis Quinze) will be sung during the entr'actes. The matinee is to aid that most appealing of charities—St. Dunstan's Fund for the Children of the Blind.

An "Agony."

This cryptic advertisement appears in a morning paper: "Oimara.—Quite distinctly, at the Nore Mutiny. Comparison of the two Admirals is instructive. To use Andrew Fisher's phrase, N. was a live wire. I do not assert which was the bigger man.—Delta."

A Question.

"Mummie, when can I go out and play?" asked June the other day. "Soon, dear," absent-mindedly replied her mother, who was absorbed in household cares. June waited a little, and then timidly asked: "Mummie, when will it be soon?"

The Indian Civil Servant.

Under the newly revised scale of pay the Indian Civil Servant now starts at something over £700 a year. Another concession is that the 4 per cent. formerly deducted from his



Mrs. Marcia Walker, widow of Capt. Oswald Walker, is to marry M. de J. Montspieu.



Commr. Mackinnon, in charge of the building of the new cruiser H.M.S. Hood.

salary for pension purposes is now to be accumulated in a separate fund for his benefit, while he still gets his thousand a year annuity after twenty-five years' service.

The Cost of the Cenotaph.

To set up the Cenotaph as a permanent structure will, we are told, cost £10,000. If the outlay were £100,000, no one would grumble provided it could not be done for less. But waste is bad business, whatever be the excuse for it. Sir Edwin Lutyens is giving his part of the work, and I am told by an eminent architect that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to spend more than £2,000 on the remainder.

A Memorial.

Recently I had a short talk with Mr. Palmer Jones, who has designed the memorial to the fallen of General Allenby's Palestine army. It will be erected near the Mount of Olives, and will rise to a hundred and ten feet at the highest part. Mr. Palmer Jones, who is only in the very early thirties, should go far.

The Prince and Chirk Castle.

If the Prince goes to stay with Lord Howard de Walden at Chirk Castle, in Denbighshire, he need have no fear of draughts. It is the stoutest old building I have ever come across, the walls being about 16ft. thick in most places. Of course, it was a great border fortress once. Lord Howard de Walden has it on a long lease.

Civil Service Football.

Several London Government departments have now, I hear, very successful football clubs. Great interest is displayed in the inter-departmental matches. The Savings Bank Department, West Kensington, is at the head of the Civil Service League in both divisions. The Air Ministry and the Office of Woods and Forests are good seconds.

Brown Court Suits.

Few people except Court tailors are aware that black velvet for men's Court dress is not compulsory. There is an alternative regulation dress of very similar cut, but made of brown cloth of a medium shade. It looks very smart and costs a good deal less, but I have only once seen a man wearing it.

Entertaining the Visitors.

Thousands of American visitors, with more money than is good for them, will be landing in London this summer. The hotels are



Miss Dithy Tarling is to dance in the new piece 'The Alhambra' at the Alhambra.



Miss Manorie Gordon, who is to play 'Who's Hooper?' at the Pen Ball with George Pan.

already preparing to receive, and entertain them. But what is the entertainment world doing? Now is the time for amusement promoters to get busy.

Slow Theatres.

The theatres, of course, will be content to jog on in the old conservative way. Many of them will be "presenting" pieces which our star-spangled visitors have already seen "on" Broadway.

A Revival.

So ju-jitsu is being revived! I remember the interest and excitement that it caused about fifteen years ago when it was introduced to London by a canny Scot who did strong man acts under the name of "Apollo." The actual exponent of the art was Yukio Tani from Japan. I see that he is now at Olympia.

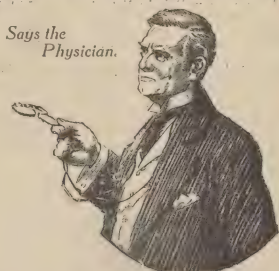
The Women's Hostel Difficulty.

I am told that the difficulty young women workers experience in getting into hostels in London is daily increasing. There are hundreds of hostels—any house, almost anywhere, will do, with each bedroom cut up into four cubicles—mostly run by gentlewomen and utterly respectable. But the charges are generally far too high for what is given in return, and are a consequence of the enormous and increasing demand.

THE RAMBLER.

'Impoverished blood can be made rich and good by taking Iron Jelloids.'

Says the Physician.



TO THOSE who suffer from a deficient quality of blood Iron Jelloids will act in the most favourable manner, by producing a more natural circulation, which will in turn replenish every part of the system with fresh life, increased energy, greater strength and healthier conditions.

(Dr. ANDREW WILSON).

Dr. J.M.B., M.D., writes:—"After a long and careful study of the different phases of Anæmia, I find that no preparation is so easily taken by the patient and so quickly assimilated as Iron Jelloids."

Dr. R. writes:—"I cannot let this opportunity pass without telling you how much pleased I am with Iron Jelloids. You have conferred a great boon on a 'host of Anæmic Girls.'"

GERTRUDE, LADY DECIES, writes:—"I have the greatest pleasure in stating that I have found your Iron Jelloids a marvellous tonic and most excellent for Neuralgia. I have recommended them to many people."

For ANÆMIA and WEAKNESS in MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

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Reliable Tonic for Men Iron Jelloids No. 2A.
For Anæmia in Men and Women Iron Jelloids No. 2.
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Of all Chemists. A fortnight's treatment 1/3.

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THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY M. AYRES



Meg Ross.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, is determined to marry Jeffery Stafford.

JEFFERY STAFFORD, a strong, determined man, to whom Laurie Ross, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.

LAURIE ROSS, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.

ALLISON LEE, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford.

Meg is surprised by a sudden visit from her husband, who has just returned from America.

"I WAS UNJUST TO YOU."

THERE was a moment's profound silence. I leaned against the wall behind me and stared at Jeffery with incredulous eyes. He was the last person on earth whom I had expected to see, and the shock of it had made me quite dazed.

But he was self-possessed enough, at all events. He stood there, but in hand, his steady eyes on my perturbed face.

"You were expecting someone else—you were not, of course, expecting me," he said.

I found my voice with an effort, and said: "No, of course, I wasn't. How could I have been expecting you? I did not know where you were—I thought you were in America."

I was expecting my brother. I added with a feeling of uneasiness, "I had expected Laurie, and not Leslie Stafford, who was coming to tea. There was a little blank pause, then:—

"May I come in?" he asked, and I stood aside silently to let him enter.

He took off his greatcoat and hat and hung them up in the tiny hall. I watched him with fascinated eyes. He was so much bigger and even more forbidding than I had remembered; he seemed to dwarf everything around him; I felt myself a child beside him.

He looked down at me with questioning eyes, and I roused myself with an effort to say: "Won't you come in?"

"I was just going to see you," he said. I followed him into the drawing-room.

I was so nervous that I hardly knew what I was doing. I knocked over the tea-caddy when I opened it to put some on the table, and he picked it up, holding half its contents on the rug, I knocked over the sugar.

Jeffery watched me with unsimiling eyes. He made no attempt to help me repair my clumsiness, and I was grateful to him for that. At least, the two of us together would only have made things a hundred times worse, I am sure.

"So this is where you live," he said, presently, and I said, "Yes—this is where I live. It's very small, but I like it. Mary is here with me—Mary was our housemaid at Kensington—but I don't expect you to remember her; she's out this afternoon, anyway."

I was talking at random, saying anything to fill the silence, and as he made no comment I repeated, almost angrily, "I said she was out this afternoon."

"Is she, indeed?" said Jeffery, gravely—so gravely that I suspected he was laughing at me, and when I looked up with indignation he smiled. "Come, Meg, be magnanimous; don't treat me as if I were quite an ogre," he said. "I have a great deal to say to you—if you will listen."

"I can't very well help listening, can I?" I asked, in exasperation. "But I don't see what you can have to say to me, considering you told me before you went away that you had done with me."

He did not answer for a moment, then he said, with a subtle change in his voice:—"I have had time to think things over since I saw you, and I dare say it will seem an excellent joke to you when I tell you that I only spent fifteen hours in New York. I got off the Laurentie and booked a berth in another ship returning the next day."

I stared at him with wide eyes.

"Why, what on earth for?" I asked.

The colour deepened a little in his rugged face.

"Because I wished to see you," he said quietly. "As I say, I had a good deal of time to think on the voyage out, and I came to the conclusion that I had not treated you fairly. I hate injustice, and I think I was unjust to you."

I was too amazed to answer, but my heart began to beat with nervous apprehension as he went on, not looking at me:—"I remembered—that I forgot that night at the hotel—that you were extremely young, and that you had never pretended to be for me. I remembered that I was a great many years your senior, and that I am hardly the sort of man a young and pretty girl would find in the least attractive."

He paused, and added, after a moment:—"I remembered, too, that you had suffered a great tragedy, and that I had not made sufficient allowance for that in the circumstances. So—I thought I would come back and ask if it was not possible for you to forgive me and let us at least be friends."

His steady eyes were on mine again with a deep earnestness, and when I did not answer immediately he said:—"Don't you believe in friendship between a man and a woman, Meg?"

The same question which Leslie Stafford had asked me in this same room a little more than a week ago, and the hot blood rushed to my face with a sudden sense of guilt, as I stammered out, as I had done then:—"I—I don't know."

A CALL FROM LAURIE.

I HOPE you won't think that I have come back—to annoy you in any way," he went on. "You are quite free—as free as you have been during my absence, but if... if sometimes you think you could bring yourself

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

to speak to me, or to allow me to take you out to dinner, I should be very grateful."

Twice I tried to speak, but I could find no suitable words. I hardly knew if he was sincere or not, but his words touched me. An apology, if it was an apology—from such a man was surely something to be graciously accepted.

And I said at last, breathlessly:—"But you mustn't blame yourself only. I was—horrid! Laurie said I must have been mad to run away as I did; he was ever so angry—"

I broke off, as his face hardened again. "Oh, I forgot!" I said with a gasp. "I forgot that you hate Laurie, that you said you never wished to see him again either. I'm afraid—I'm afraid he's coming to tea," I added helplessly.

And at that very minute there was a knock at the front door.

"I—I think that must be Laurie," I said nervously.

Jeffery smiled amusedly.

"Well, why not let him in?" he said. "It's a cold afternoon, and you are very warm and cheery in here."

I went out of the room, feeling as if I were in a dream. What was the meaning of it all? I had never expected him to come and see me again; most certainly I had never expected him to be a shock to my husband—or as magnanimous! I wondered what on earth Laurie would say; I tried to think of a way in which to tell him of Jeffery's presence as I opened the door, but he took the words from my mouth by saying irritably:—"What a time you've been opening the door! Where's Mary? Surely to goodness, one of you must have seen him."

Then he stopped, and his face flushed slightly as he saw my husband.

I tried to say something that would break the unnatural tension, but nothing occurred to me, and I stood looking helplessly from one to the other till Jeffery came forward and held out his hand.

"How do you do, Ross?" he said.

Laurie turned white and then red as he stammered out a reply. I dare say it was almost as much of a shock to him that I had come to find Jeffery in the flat. If the situation had been less uncomfortable, it would have been intensely funny, but when I remembered the many bitter things that had been said before we parted, I felt unhappy and unhappy.

Though I was grateful to Jeffery, I did not trust him. Why had he shaken hands with Laurie when he hated him? Why had he come back so quickly instead of staying for some weeks in America as he had intended?

Frankly, I did not believe that the reason he had given me was the only one. All the time I poured out the tea I was searching through my mind, trying to discover another that would seem more plausible.

"Mr. Stafford must be glad to see you back," I said at random. "She must have been surprised, too."

"I have not seen her," he answered carelessly. "And she does not know I am in London. I came straight here."

I wanted to ask where he had got my address, but supposed it must have been from his solicitors.

There was an awkward silence. I wished to goodness Laurie would say something. He sat there stirring his tea, his eyes down-bent, looking hopelessly stiff and uncomfortable.

After all, it was much worse for me, I thought angrily, and I wondered how soon this ill-assorted tea party would end and which of them would leave first.

I wanted to speak to Laurie; I wanted to warn him against any more gambling; and I wanted to give him the money for which he had asked me. But, though the afternoon wore away, Jeffery showed no sign of taking it, and Laurie looked impatiently at the clock fifty times.

And in the end he was the first to leave, and I thought that that surely I should have just a moment alone with him at the door. But no. Jeffery came with me to see him off, and I had no chance to speak a single word privately.

I was thoroughly overwrought by that time. There was something so absurdly domesticated about the situation. Jeffery and I might have been a happily married couple, judging by the way in which we stood side by side at the door, watching Laurie go down the stone staircase.

My face felt hot as I went back to the drawing-room and mechanically began putting the tea things together.

I was afraid that at any moment the telephone might ring, or that perhaps Leslie Stafford might call. Sometimes my notes putting him off were not always effective, if he wished very much to see me, and I wondered wildly what explanation I could give if presently he called. When a bell rang through the silence I started, and smothered a little cry, but when I went to the door it was only Mary who had come back, and I followed her to the kitchen on the pretence of giving some order about dinner, and told her in an urgent whisper that Jeffery was with me, and that I was out to everyone else, no matter who it was.

She must have known that I meant Leslie, for he was the only person who had ever been to see me since I came to the flat—except my brother; but she said that, of course, she understood, and I went back to Jeffery with a lighter heart.

LESLIE IS SURPRISED.

"I DON'T know if you will stay to dinner," I said diffidently. "We've only got a very plain dinner, but if you will, it will be very welcome."

"I was wondering," he said, "if you would not allow me to take you out to dine somewhere."

He was absurdly formal again now, as if I were the veriest stranger, and I was conscious of renewed irritation against him.

I stood twisting the fringe of the tablecloth,

not knowing how to answer, and suddenly he said:—"Tell me what you are thinking about, Meg," and then before I could speak he came over to where I stood, and laid both his hands on my shoulders.

"You don't trust me—is that it?" he asked constrainedly.

I raised my eyes—they felt as if they were burning.

"I don't understand you," I whispered. "Before you went away, you looked at me as if—as if you hated me. That—that night I came back, I was sorry! Oh, really, I was! And I must not tire you in such early days. Perhaps to-morrow, if you are free, you will let me come and see you."

To-morrow! I remembered that I had promised to go out with Leslie to-morrow. It meant putting him off, that was all. And, anyway, of course, he would have to know that Jeffery was home again.

"To-morrow you may take me out to lunch—if you will," I said.

I felt absurdly light-hearted. There was something about him that gave me a sense of protection. It was as if a strong defence had suddenly grown up between me and danger; and yet—had any danger been threatening? If so, I had hardly been conscious of it.

He shook hands with me quite formally when he went away, and he had not been gone five minutes before the bell rang again and Mary came to tell me that Leslie Stafford had called.

I was not a bit pleased. I knew how angry Jeffery would be if he knew, and I had been stupid enough in my promise to him to stay again and be friends with him, and, to my conscience, that meant—the exclusion of Leslie.

When he came into the room I met him reluctantly.

"Did you meet anyone coming up?" I asked breathlessly, and as he snook his head I went on:—"I wonder you didn't; he's only just gone—not five minutes ago!"

"Gone! Who? What do you mean?" he asked, rather sharply.

"I mean—my husband," I said, laughing nervously. "He's come home. Didn't you know? He's been here to tea."

Another fine instalment will appear to-morrow.

THE IDEAL 'After-Dinner' Sweet—but delicious at any time.



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The new vogue in Corsets which ensures grace, comfort and beauty of figure to every woman.

Created by a corsetiere of 30 years' experience, Nuvo de Luxe Models ensure that correct anatomical support, that careful graduation of proportions which are so essential to the health and comfort of the wearer. Comprising

OVER 200 MODELS ranging in price From 8/11 to 3 Guineas.

They provide a perfect fitting corset for every type of figure, no matter whether stout or slim.

The charming model here illustrated, No. 111 (also No. 444, one lower in bust), is designed expressly for the stout figure. It is so elegantly cut that it reduces the hips from one to four inches. Made in strong White Coutil, also Dove and Grey, elastic gore either side of bust, scolloped top, and completed with six 21-inch suspenders. Sizes 22in. to 30in. Price 21/-.

High grade, quality of material and exceptional finish guarantees the durability of every garment.

Write to-day for our illustrated list of charming models. If unable to obtain a Nuvo de Luxe Model locally, send your measurements together with the name of your Drapery House to:

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LILAC COTTAGE,
ASHINGFIELD.

MY DEAR JOAN,

I shall be delighted to see you as soon as you can come, and so, I'm sure, will the babies. Michael is quite a man and looks much more than four; and your namesake, Joan, is quite nice, though still rather inarticulate. Jack hasn't seen her yet; she was born after he went to Mesopotamia, but he is coming home soon, and I hope he'll approve of his daughter. Both the kiddies have such glorious hair, really golden, and a mass of curls. I want them both to have a good start in every way, so I have used nothing but *stallar* as a shampoo for them ever since they were born. I discovered it myself quite a long time ago, and now I always keep a supply in the house for the three of us. Of course, their skins are still in that exquisite peach-like state which turns us grown-ups green with envy, and they need nothing to preserve it except washing with soap and water. One has to be so careful about a nursery soap, doesn't one? Nurse recommended me *pienta* as the most neutral and non-irritating one; I used it once by chance—and I've used it ever since. But mere soap and water don't seem to suffice to keep the grown-up skin in condition. I asked the doctor once, for fun, why the babies had such lovely complexions, while my own was always rough and red. He said it was because my nature was always invisibly peeling off their old outer skin and exposing a fresh layer, whereas, as one grew older, one lost the power of shedding one's skin so quickly, and the outer layer grew coarse and rough. But he also told me that a perfectly harmless substance known as *mercolised wax* had the effect of stimulating the natural process; and, by using it regularly, one could keep a fresh, soft skin until one was fifty or thereabouts. I thought there could be no harm in trying it, so I ordered some *mercolised wax* from my chemist. I have been using it for a month now, and I don't think you would recognise my new complexion as the rather indifferent one you knew. I have also discovered that a little colour is becoming to me—but at first I was rather puzzled how to produce it, as I am rather pale, and I didn't want to scandalise the infants by appearing with two flaming roses on my cheeks and laying myself open to embarrassing questions. However, I compromised by obtaining a discreet little box of powdered collindium; a rifle, rubbed in with my finger, gives me a tiny natural-looking flush which makes my eyes look nice and bright besides being healthy-looking.

So you are thinking of "bobbing" your hair? I don't think I should if I were you; the fashion has been so sudden to change. If, as you say, your hair is getting thin and you think cutting it would make it stronger, why not try a good hair lotion? I don't think you could beat one made of *boranum* and bay rum, which you can easily make up at home. I have found it splendid myself, and I even insist on its use every time once a fortnight. . . . I do think beautiful hair is such an asset to anyone. I've been rather worried about my own lately, because, though otherwise healthy, my hair has been thinning, and I even noticed streaks. Dreadful when, although one won't ever see twenty again, one hasn't yet seen twenty-seven! However, I am cured that by using a prescription someone recommended me, which was *mercolised wax*, *tammattie*, which restored my hair perfectly to its old colour.

But as to yours, to be perfectly frank, I think the thinness is due to the fact that you are perpetually worrying your hair with curling tongs. Yes, I know you don't look your prettiest unless your hair is waved, but won't it be horrid in twenty years' time when you are completely bald? I'm not saying that, as I sound, though, because I've discovered a marvelous way of waving one's hair without tongs. So that if you are in the middle of the inconvenient place where your curling appliances are not available, if you only have a bottle of *silmerine* you can laugh at fate. There, it's out! Well, all you've got to do with *silmerine* is to damp the part of your hair that wants waving overnight, and wait results. For the little short bits at the side it is as well to damp them with *silmerine* and do them up in a curler. This won't be necessary more than once in ten days, I should think, for the effects of *silmerine* last for some time. For the main part of your hair, comb it as you do when you dress it, slightly damp the parts where you want a wave, and put in slides. Then fluff the hair up between the slides and pull the curls in deeper. In the morning, when you take out the slides you will find nice kinks where they have been. You will find that if you get the *silmerine* habit, with the first obstinacy of the hair has been overcome, it will not be necessary to use *silmerine* except at rare intervals. Your hair will develop a tendency to wave naturally. You will need a little patience, though, and you must really coax your hair into the way it should go.

I do hope you will bring that charming Miss Sydenham with you—she has such beautiful eyes, and rather such wonderful long curls. I shall be so fascinated by her. I do hope the babies will have nice eyelashes. I rub a little *menadione* on them every night, as that improves them wonderfully and is quite harmless.

Do you remember asking me if I knew of any way of curing blackheads? I didn't at the time, but I hear that absolutely the best remedy for them is to bathe them with a lotion of *stymol*. *Stymol* can be obtained from the chemist, and a small quantity dissolved in a wineglassful of warm water will be sufficient for one application. The blackheads can be quite easily removed with a towel after treatment. It is very refreshing to bathe one's face, when it is hot and greasy, in this nice sparkling lotion.

Well, I've chatted enough. I do hope I shall see you again soon, and I'm longing to hear your opinion of the babies—and the babies' opinion of you!—Yours ever,

MAVIS.

Parker Belmont's Clynol Berries for obesity.—(Advt.)



WHAT IS BEING WORN.

TETE de negre velour cloth was the material of a smart light-weight wrap coat. Brown bear fur adorned collar and cuffs and the big, one-like pockets gave the desired pannier effect.

APPLIQUE FRUIT of varied-hued silk and velvet made a charming finish to a submarine-shaped evening handbag of black charmeuse. The oval top was of finely-carved ivory. A prettily-tasseled silken cord formed the handle.

SHOT TAFFETA glinting with innumerable shades of pink and blue was the effective material of a young girl's dance frock. Silver lace and oyster-coloured tulle wound themselves attractively round the corsage, and a plaited band of tulle and silver girdled the waist.



Loops of make an evening beads pretty headress.

GALALITH and gilt is a charming combination for ornamental neck wear. These pendants, made in various shapes and colours and strung on a narrow band of black moire ribbon, give a pretty finish to a light gown or white blouse.

FOR OUTDOOR WEAR

with costumes and coat frocks are girdles of braided silk cord. These are finished with big flat tassels materialised in silk to match.

MILITARY BRAID

was the pretty trimming of a smart afternoon gown of navy blue gabardine. Three deep rows of it finished the hem of the jumper over-b blouse, and three narrower rows adorned the cuffs. The neck was completed by a collar and inset waistcoat of shell-pink georgette.

MARJORIE.



IT'S THE ET CETERAS THAT MAKE OR MAR A WOMAN'S APPEARANCE.



UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office, Jan. 13.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,
There is still time to enter for this week's competition. Send in your New Year resolution (not more than fifty words) without delay and perhaps you will win one of the thirty-two splendid prizes I am offering. The names of last week's prize-winners will be published in a day or two. Talking of resolutions, Pip and Squeak have resolved never to venture out in a storm again. I think their sad experience has taught them a lesson.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.



No. 10.—Hunting a Lion.

THE great lion stopped near the water and lifted up his head, sniffing the air. He seemed to smell danger. His yellow-green eyes gleamed suspiciously. For a minute he remained perfectly still, gazing slowly in every direction. Ralph and Jack had their guns trained on him, waiting for

a favourable moment to fire. Noko, crouching on the ground, was praying to his gods. Then, with a grunt, the lion moved off to the water at a slow, dignified pace. For some time he stood there, lapping up his drink just like a big cat. Then he turned, caught sight of the roebuck and sat down to enjoy a leisurely meal. Ralph gave Jack a nudge—the signal that he was about to fire. The boy took careful aim at the lion's head and pulled the trigger. Click!—that was all that happened. The cartridge was damp! Instantly at the sound the lion bounded to his feet and, in a crouching attitude, crept towards the shelter of creepers. "Quick—keep cool—wait your chance!"

The boys went mad with joy.

whispered Ralph to his chum as he slipped another cartridge in his rifle. "Oh, fire! fire!" cried the agonised Noko. "Lion get us very quick!"

A few yards away from the boys the big beast prepared to spring. "Now!" said Jack to himself, and fired.

A good cartridge this time! As the bullet struck it fair and square between the eyes the huge beast, with a terrific roar, leapt in the air. Ralph followed with another shot—and the king of beasts fell dead. The boys went mad with joy. Wouldn't you be—if you had killed your first lion?

(To-morrow: A Cannibal Dance.)

PIP AND SQUEAK GET CAUGHT IN THE GREAT GALE.



Although I warned them beforehand, my pets insisted on venturing out during the recent stormy weather, and most disastrous results followed. They returned home sadder, but wiser.



THE HALF GREY STAGE.

Is your hair in the streaky and unsightly half grey stage that lies between youthful hair and untouched by Time and beautiful silver locks of old age? Are you beginning to realise with a sickening feeling that your womanly charms are fleeting? Then now is the time to use Hinde's Hair Tint if you wish to banish for ever that greyness and give your hair a permanent natural tint once again. Permanent in effect, natural in shade, undetectable by the closest observer, Hinde's Hair Tint is the safe and satisfactory treatment for all grey or faded hair.

Hinde's HAIR TINT
FOR GREY OR FADED HAIR.

Hinde's Hair Tint is the staunch and valued friend of three-quarters of a million women all over the world, because there is nothing so natural in its effect, because it is absolutely harmless to the hair, because it is washable and permanent—because it never fades to those tell-tale tints which ordinary hair dyes so ludicrously produce. You can get it in any natural shade required—brown, dark brown, light brown, black, auburn and golden. A medical certificate accompanies each bottle.

It costs 2s. 6d. the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct—
HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.

Patentees and Manufacturers of the World-Famous Hinde's Wavers.

HOW HOSPITALS TREAT CATARRH AND DEAFNESS.

SOME GOOD COMMON-SENSE ADVICE TO CHRONIC SUFFERERS.

By ALICE LANDLESS, Certified Nurse.

As a direct result of the heavy and heat-producing winter diet, nasal, throat, or intestinal catarrh, bowel congestion, "liverishness," biliousness, dyspepsia, irritability and languor are especially prevalent at this season. Even

inflammation and mucous will frequently close the Eustachian tubes, which connect the inner ear with the throat, and this stoppage causes "head noises," headaches, insomnia and nervous troubles. The ears often hum, sing or buzz, exactly as when the outer atmospheric pressure is stopped by holding the hands tightly to them. (Try this.) Next, mucous accumulates in the tympanic cavity; and, if long neglected, temporary or even permanent complete deafness may result. To immediately correct any form of catarrh, try the marvelous solvent and eliminative properties of certain natural curative medicinal waters, well known amongst physicians, and obtainable at small cost from any chemist. The usually prescribed dose is one level teaspoonful dissolved in a tumbler of water, taken daily. The pleasant-tasting and blood-purifying salutarated water quickly stimulates even the most torpid liver, flushes out clogged kidneys and cleanses all impurities from the entire system, with the result that any trace of catarrhal deafness, mucous accumulation or similar symptoms must surely and permanently disappear within a very few days.—A. L.

For sore, tired feet use Reudel Bath Salts.—(Advt.)

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Cigarettes
CONQUER
CATARRH

Relieve Head Noises, Deafness,
Bronchial Irritations.
Aid in Preventing Influenza.

TRIAL SUPPLY, FREE BY POST

Great rejoicing! Cigarettes that contain neither tobacco nor cubebs, but are filled with a healing herbal mixture, giving relief to those who suffer.

Simply light one of the cigarettes, inhale the medicated smoke, then exhale alternately from the mouth and through the nose. You will be astonished and joyous at the relief.

For catarrh or persistent cold in the head, as well as for those peculiar noises and for deafness due to those causes, also for bronchial or throat irritations, as well as to aid in preventing the deadly influenza, get a box of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy. It comes in cigarettes. Or, if you prefer, you may buy it for smoking in a pipe.

No medicine dosing. A pleasant herbal smoking relief which has completely cured many, according to their own voluntary reports.

Go to Boots Cash Chemists, Tailors or any busy chemist's shop and get Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy at once. To prove the beneficial pleasant effect, Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 105E.L.), 33-34, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. 4, will post absolutely free to any sufferer a sample supply of the cigarettes. Send your full name and address to-day.

NO MORE THIN FOLKS.
How Thin, Weak, Nervous People Can Put on
Flesh and Gain Strength.

If you are weak, thin, and emaciated, and can't put on flesh or get strong, no matter how much you eat; go to your nearest **Phosphate** and get a **Phosphate** directed. Enough for a two-weeks' treatment costs but 38., and every package contains a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. If at the end of two weeks you don't feel stronger and better, then you can return the **Phosphate**—your eyes aren't brighter and your nerves steady; if you don't sleep better, and your vim, vigour, and vitality aren't more than doubled, or if you haven't put on weight, you can have your money back for the asking. Elsewhere the **Phosphate** will have cost you nothing—**(Advt.)**

INDIGESTION?

Then you want **BISURATED** Magnesia
Never mind what you have tried before with-

out result—take Bisurated Magnesia while you have the pain and you will get relief within five minutes. Bisurated Magnesia,

though perfectly safe and harmless, is wonderfully quick in its effects because it neutralises the acid which is the cause of your trouble.

Keep Bisurated Magnesia by you, use as directed, and you will find that you can eat just whatever you fancy without fear of any

painful or uncomfortable after-effects. People who have been chronic dyspeptics for years say that owing to Bisurated Magnesia their

diet is no longer restricted and that now they can thoroughly enjoy a hearty meal and experience no reaction. Bisurated Magnesia is

obtainable in powder form at 3s. per bottle or in handy flasks of tablets for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Every package contains a binding guarantee.

Every package contains a smiling guarantee of satisfaction or money back, so you risk neither disappointment nor loss by trying Biotin 1, Manganese, the Antacid and Food

Bisurated Magnesia, the Antacid and Food
Corrective which will soon make you forget
what indigestion is.—(Advt.)

ACTRESS GIVES RECIPE FOR A FACE CREAM

Gives a Simple Home-Made Recipe for the

Complexion,

Annie Teesdale, the well-known London

actress, who formerly appeared at the Hippodrome, made the following statement about

complexion creams:—
 "You can make a greaseless vanishing cream
 which will beautify the complexion, make the

that will beautify the complexion, make the skin soft, smooth and pliable, and prevent the hands from chapping. Merely dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$

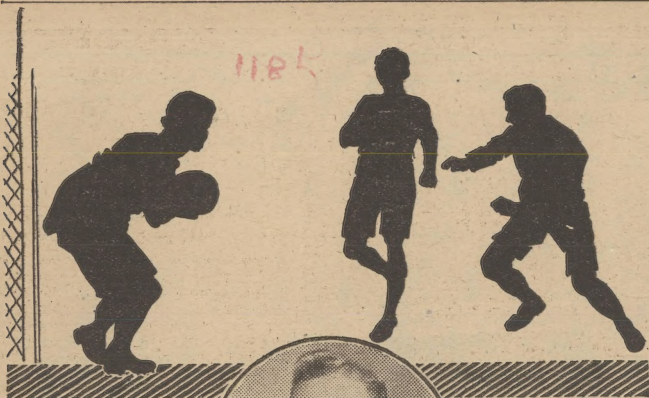
ounce of powdered grexite in one ounce of glycerine and add a pint of hot water.
"These ingredients can be bought at any

chemist's at little cost and mixed at home. It makes more than a pint of vanishing cream, that will give the complexion the clear, velvety

appearance of youth, remove wrinkles, roughness and chaps. It is perfectly harmless, yet antiseptic, and will protect the skin of the

face and hands from weather exposure. Men will find it excellent after shaving."—(Advt.)

11/14/40



MR. E. LIDDELL,

late of Woolwich Arsenal and Clapton Orient F.C.'s,
writes:—

"The store of energy and stamina required under the trying conditions of first-class football matches needs constant replenishing, and for this purpose I have proved that there is nothing to equal Phosferine.

When playing for Woolwich Arsenal and other clubs it was essential that I should be fit and in the pink of condition, and I found that a course of Phosferine during training was all that was needed. It quieted jangling nerves and braced up the whole nervous system in a way that was really wonderful.

At the first approach of that run-down feeling that comes to us all at times I have found by resorting to Phosferine the threatened breakdown is banished, and restored health and strength soon follow."

"Secretary, Southend F.C.

"65, Beedell Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea."

This well-known Professional Football Player states that he always experienced the most complete sense of "fitness" and the greatest increase of endurance whilst taking a course of Phosferine—Phosferine banished the "used up" limp feeling which naturally succeeded the struggle of his many hot contests, and also enabled him to be certain of the nerve force to uphold himself with distinction.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Nervous Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fog	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anemia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL BUSINESS NOTE.

Phosferine is made in liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for Business Men and Women, all Outdoor Workers, Travellers, Sportsmen, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required. The 3s. tube is small enough to carry in the pocket and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices: 1s. 3d., 3s., and 6s. The 3s. size contains nearly four times the 1s. 3d. size.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOFORTES—Before you buy a piano or player-piano write for a copy of our practical installation plan—Moore and Moore, 41, Abchurch Lane, New Oxford-street, W.C.1. Famous British Piano Makers since 1838.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

ARMY Blankets—Grey, heavy make, 80in. x 60in., new, 1s. 6d.; also brown ditto, all wool, 90in. x 60in., 20s. each; (will shew; unbleached; 90in. x 70in., unbleached; 18s. 3d. a pair; carr. paid.—W. Coed, Conrath Dep., Uxbridge.

CHEVRES Carpet Soap cleans carpets like new; sold everywhere; sample, 11d. stamp.—Chivers, 22, Albany Works, Bath.

FURNITURE, second-hand; large quantity; must sell regardless of cost; see any time.—Depositors, 272, Pentonville-road, King's Cross. Catalogue on application.

MARKETING BY POST.

CIGARETTES—Outstanding offer, Virginia Cigarettes 16s. 1b., containing about 360, post free, 16s. cash order.—Aarons and Lewis, 56, Finchbury-pavement, E.C.4. THEEMAN'S Handy Knife-Cleaning Machine, 1s. 9d. a post free; money refunded in full if not satisfied.—Theeman, 39, Regent-street, W.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

AT Lady Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas extractions 2s. Teeth at Hospital Prices.—Write Miss Gordon, Secy, 524, Oxford-street, Marble Arch. Phone Mayfair 5559.

DANCING.

IMPERIAL Hotel, Dancings, and National Hotel, Upper Bedford-place, The Danants, 2s. 6d. and 3s.; evening dances 4s. and 5s. PIC DANCERS, Piccadilly Hotel.—Evg. dress or uniform, 1s. 5d.; 7s. 6d. Tea; evg. 9s.; tickets, 12s. 6d.

There's Nothing Like

Zam-Buk for soothing pain and drawing disease and poison from the skin. In fact, wherever there is a Cut, Burn or Scald, a Festering Sore, a Poisoned Wound, patch of Eczema or Ringworm, a Rheumatic Joint, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, or a case of Piles, the proper and regular use of Zam-Buk will end the trouble once and for all.

It is really astonishing how swiftly and surely pain is banished, inflammation soothed, and new skin grown by

Zam-Buk

which is a rare herbal balm quite different in its character and results from cheap pore-clogging ointments and salves.

Zam-Buk is a new scientific discovery, and is a hundred per cent. medicine. It has a very definite and important medicinal action on the skin. That is why Zam-Buk is endorsed by doctors and nurses. In the home, the workshop, and the playing field, there's nothing so safe and reliable as Zam-Buk

For Quick Clean Healing

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. "WHO'S HOOPER?" W. H. BERRY. To-day 2 and 8. Wed. Sat. 2. Ger. 2645.
ALDWICH.—Tonight, 8.15. SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE. His Hoo, Franklin Dyll, Mata, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
ALHAMBRA.—2.30 and 7.50. THE KEEPER OF THE DOOR and A TALE OF TWO CITIES.
AMBAASSADORS.—Evg. at 8.15. "SYLVIA'S LOVERS." Matinee, Tuesday and Saturday, at 2.30. (Ger. 4460).
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Daily Mirror

Wednesday, January 14, 1920.

BANDAGING A TREE.



Girl students bandaging the broken limb of a fruit tree. As each limb should bear a quantity of fruit, they are "operated" on in the interest of economy and production. The storm damaged many fruit trees in Kent.

AUDACIOUS RAID ON PICTURE PALACE.



A gang of men, who had evidently laid their plans carefully, broke into this cinema in Lower Clapton-road and removed bodily a heavy safe containing notes to the value of more than £200. It was found yesterday in a yard in the City-road.



LANSBURY LABOURS.—Mr. Lansbury, the Member of Poplar, cuts the first sod of the borough's new garden city. Behind him on the left is Sir Alfred Yeo, the member. (Daily Mirror photograph.)



Georges Papin



Bob Marriott

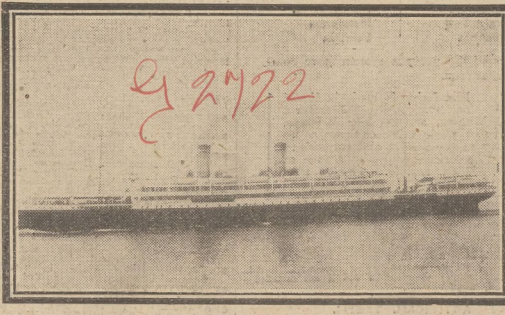
LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.—Marriott and Papin, the British and French light-weight champions, will meet in a twenty-round contest for the light-weight championship of Europe at the Albert Hall on January 30.



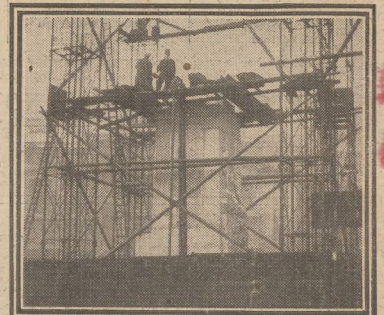
REVUE LEADS TO LAW SUIT.—Miss Lee White and her husband, Mr. Clay Smith (inset) who successfully defended a case brought against them yesterday by Mr. William Liddell Steel. (See news pages.)



LOST DOG.—If anyone finds this Highland terrier, would they let The Daily Mirror know. It ran away from its little owner in Kensington last Saturday and she wants him back so much.



NEWS OF MINED LINER.—The General Italiana Company states yesterday that their liner, "the Principessa Mafalda," has been replying regularly to all wireless messages sent to her, and that she is making for the Canaries." The first report received stated that she had struck a mine while bound from the Argentine and had been lost.



CAVELL MEMORIAL.—The main structure, of granite, forming the background, is now in position ready to receive the statue. It has been erected on the St. Martin-in-the-Fields island site.